



Inside: *Tommy*
TOMORROW CONTEST WINNERS!



10¢

52
PAGES

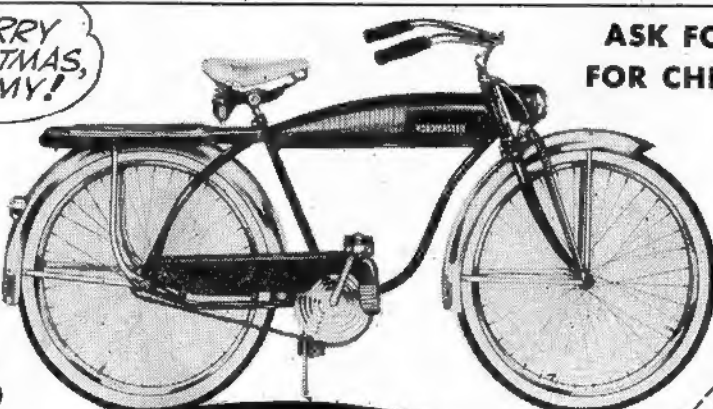
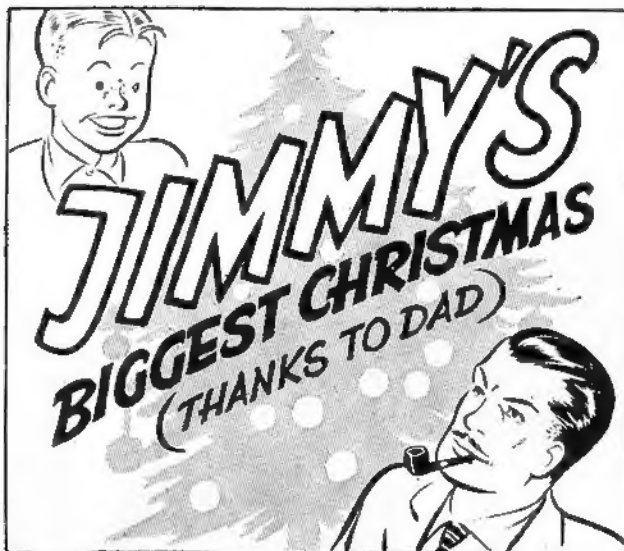
ACTION COMICS

MEET CLARK KENT
TURNS DAREDEVIL
IN A SENSATIONAL

SUPERMAN
ADVENTURE!

NO. 139
DEC.





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SUPERMAN

EVERYBODY KNOWS CLARK KENT AS A MEEK AND TIMID MOUSE OF A MAN... FOR THAT IS THE IMPRESSION HE HAS CREATED TO GUARD THE SECRET OF HIS REAL IDENTITY AS **SUPERMAN!** SO, WHEN THE MOUSE SUDDENLY BECOMES A LION... AND THE MILD-MANNERED REPORTER A HARDBOILED HEADLINE HUNTER... YOU CAN BET THERE'S A GOOD REASON FOR IT, WITH PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT TO COME! READ WHAT HAPPENS IN THIS SURPRISING STORY OF...

CLARK KENT... DAREDEVIL!

HEROES OF
METROPOLIS

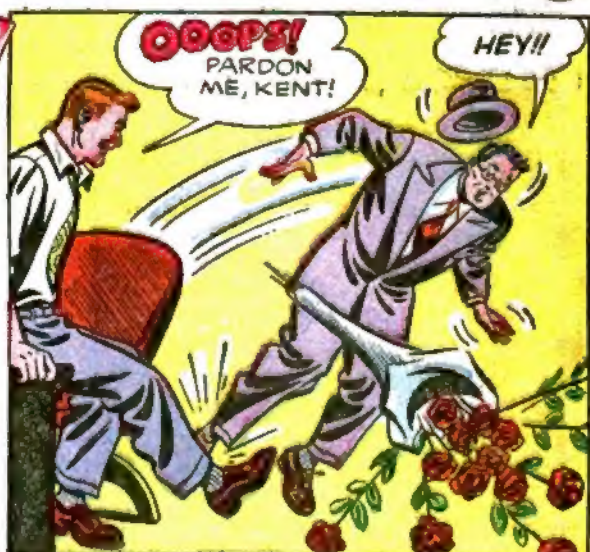
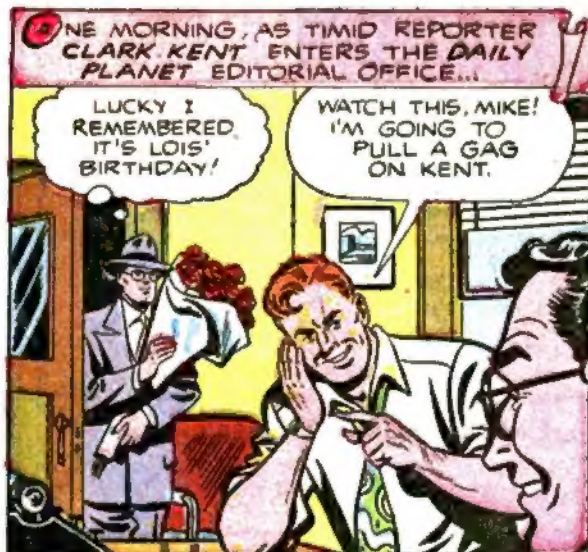
WAX
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WHY HAS CLARK KENT
SUDDENLY DECIDED
TO DROP THE MASK
OF TIMIDITY HE HAS
WORN FOR YEARS TO
CONCEAL HIS REAL
IDENTITY AS
SUPERMAN?
FOR THE ANSWER,
LET'S LISTEN IN
ON A CONFERENCE
HELD THE
PREVIOUS DAY
BETWEEN EDITOR
PERRY WHITE AND
PUBLISHER
J. WIMMER...

SO, J.W., YOU THINK THE
STAFF'S GETTING SOFT?
YOU WANT ME TO HIRE
A REALLY HARDBOILED
REPORTER TO PER
'EM UP? THAT MEANS...

IT MEANS FIRING
SOMEBODY, WHITE!
THERE'S YOUR LIST!
WHICH REPORTER
WOULD YOU
MISS, LEAST?

**EDITORIAL
STAFF**
LOIS LANE
SAM RAFFERTY
MIKE BOYLE
CLARK KENT
JERRY ALLSTON
NEWS EDITOR
CITY EDITOR
NIGHT EDITOR

THEY'RE ALL GOOD...
ESPECIALLY
LOIS LANE!
CLARK KENT IS A
BIT TIMID, BUT...

THERE'S YOUR MAN!
GIVE KENT TWO WEEKS'
NOTICE AND FIRE HIM!
THE NEWSPAPER
BUSINESS IS NO
PLACE FOR SHRINKING
VIOLETS!

ALSO LISTENING IN... QUITE BY ACCIDENT...
ARE THE SUPERSENSITIVE EARS OF
CLARK KENT, ALIAS **SUPERMAN!**

HUH? THEY CAN'T
DO THAT! IT
WOULD RUIN
EVERYTHING!

GIVE KENT TWO
WEEKS' NOTICE AND
FIRE HIM!

AS A REPORTER, I HAVE A HUNDRED
UNDERWORLD AND POLICE CONTACTS
THAT MAKE IT EASIER FOR SUPERMAN
TO FIGHT CRIME! AND IF THE PLANET
FIRED ME, NO OTHER PAPER
WOULD GIVE ME A JOB!

SO THEY WANT HARD-
BOILED REPORTERS,
DO THEY? ALL RIGHT...
I'LL BE SO HARD-
BOILED, MAYBE THEY
WILL WIND UP
WISHING I WASN'T!
I'LL BECOME A
DAREDEVIL!

THE NEXT DAY, AS CLARK IS HAVING LUNCH WITH LOIS IN A POPULAR METROPOLIS RESTAURANT...

...IT'S LEW BANION, THE ESCAPED MURDERER, WITH DYED HAIR AND A MUSTACHE! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SHOW PEOPLE HOW TOUGH KENT CAN BE!

EXCUSE ME, LOIS, WHILE I CATCH A KILLER!

WHILE YOU... WHAT?

YOU'RE IN THE WRONG SEAT, BANION! THEY'VE DUSTED OFF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR YOU!

YOU FOOL! DO YOU THINK I WON'T KILL AGAIN TO STAY FREE?

LEAD BLASTS HARMLESSLY AGAINST THE BULLET-PROOF SKIN OF THE MAN OF STEEL... UNTIL A MIGHTY FIST ENDS THE GUNPLAY!

YOUR GUN GOT YOU INTO THIS... BUT IT CAN'T GET YOU OUT!

OH-H-H! EVERY SHOT MUST HAVE HIT CLARK!

BUT AS POLICEMEN LEAD THE KILLER AWAY, A DIFFERENT KIND OF EMERGENCY ARISES...

HE FIRED STRAIGHT AT YOU! IF YOU AREN'T HURT, WHY... YOU MUST BE SUPERMAN!

CAN I HELP IT IF HE CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT?

HAVE TO GET RID OF THESE DENTED BULLETS. THEY'D BE A DEAD GIVEAWAY...

THE BULLETS

WHILE LOIS SEARCHES CLARK'S CLOTHES VAINLY FOR BULLETHOLES, THE MAN OF STEEL CALMLY CHEWS AND SWALLOWS THE SLUGS!

MIND IF I GO ON EATING? THESE OLIVES ARE DELICIOUS!

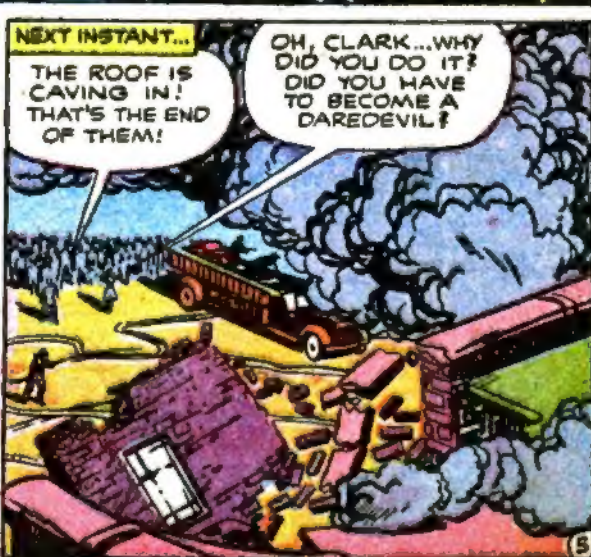
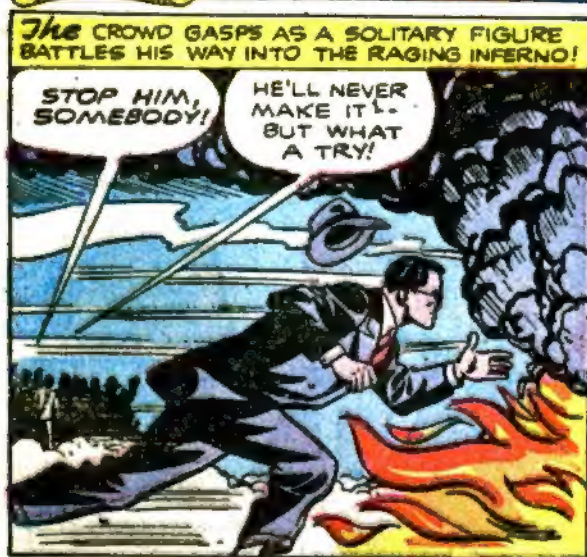
I GUESS I WAS WRONG... BUT YOU HAD A NARROW ESCAPE! IMAGINE YOU... OF ALL PEOPLE... TAKING A CHANCE LIKE THAT!

AND WHEN PERRY WHITE DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION FOR CLARK'S NEW, HARDBOILED PERSONALITY...

GREAT STUFF, CLARK! BUT WHAT MADE YOU SO BRAVE, ALL OF A SUDDEN?

I GUESS THIS BOOK... "BE DARING AND GET WHAT YOU WANT"... HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT! WHICH REMINDS ME, I WANT SOMETHING NOW...

CLARK KENT CAPTURES KILLER!



WITHIN THE BURNING TENEMENT, HOWEVER, CLARK ALREADY HAS THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND...

STAY UNDER THE SOFA, WHERE NOTHING CAN FALL ON YOU, AND I'LL HAVE YOU OUTSIDE IN A JIFFY!

BUT FIRST, FOR THE JOB I HAVE IN MIND, I'D BETTER BECOME SUPERMAN!

PLEASE HURRY! I'M AWFUL SCARED!

A LIGHTNING CHANGE...A LEAP AT EYE-BAFFLING SPEED...AND THE SUPER BREATH OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW STRAIGHTENS THE TOPPLING WALL!

LOOK! THE WALL'S STRAIGHTENING!

AND A STRONG WIND IS BLOWING THE FLAMES NEARLY OUT! MAYBE WE CAN CONTROL THIS FIRE YET!

MIGHT AS WELL REBUILD THIS WALL, EVEN IF IT MEANS WASTING AN EXTRA SECOND!

IT'S SUPERMAN!

HIS EMERGENCY TASK FINISHED, AND THE FIRE AT LAST UNDER CONTROL, SUPERMAN LEAPS AWAY... AND A MOMENT LATER...

THAT WAS THE BRAVEST THING I EVER SAW!

YOU SAVED THE CHILD, CLARK.. YOU'RE AS MUCH A HERO AS SUPERMAN!

IT WAS NOTHING, REALLY!

OR SHOULD I SAY, YOU ARE SUPERMAN! THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, THE MORE I WONDER!

I'M WILLING TO GIVE SUPERMAN CREDIT FOR EVERYTHING HE DOES... BUT I DON'T LIKE SEEING HIM GET THE CREDIT FOR WHAT I DO, TOO!

DESPITE LOIS' GROWING SUSPICIONS, CLARK MUST KEEP UP HIS DAREDEVIL ROLE... FOR HIS JOB IS NOT YET SAFE!

INSTEAD OF FIRING KENT, YOU RAISED HIS PAY TWICE! WHY?

HE...UH...GAVE ME SOME STRONG ARGUMENTS! BUT HE CAN'T KEEP UP THIS PACE! THE MINUTE HE SLOWS DOWN, I'LL HAVE A SHOWDOWN!

SEEMS I'M GETTING IN DEEPER THAN I INTENDED!

AS ONE SPECTACULAR EXPLOIT FOLLOWS ANOTHER, CLARK BECOMES A HERO SECOND ONLY TO SUPERMAN...

DAILY PLANET
HOLD-UP FOILED BY CLARK KENT

DAILY PLANET
FLOOD VICTIMS RESCUED BY KENT

DAILY PLANET
KENT PREVENTS TRAIN WRECK

DAILY PLANET
KENT AWARDED HERO MEDAL

And SOON HE ACHIEVES THE HONOR OF A PLACE IN METROPOLIS'S UNIQUE WAXWORKS HALL OF FAME!

NOT A BAD REPLICHA OF ME, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

NOTICE HOW MANLY AND INTELLIGENT **SUPERMAN** LOOKS! STILL, HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO DISGUISE HIMSELF AS SOMEBODY LIKE YOU!

NEXT DAY, ANOTHER SENSATIONAL STORY BREAKS WITHOUT WARNING...

GET OUT TO PIONEER PARK, KENT! DUKE DENNIS' GANG OF BANK ROBBERS IS BARRICADED IN THE OLD BLOCK-HOUSE, SHOOTING IT OUT WITH COPS! DON'T TRY TO BE A HERO! JUST GET THE STORY!

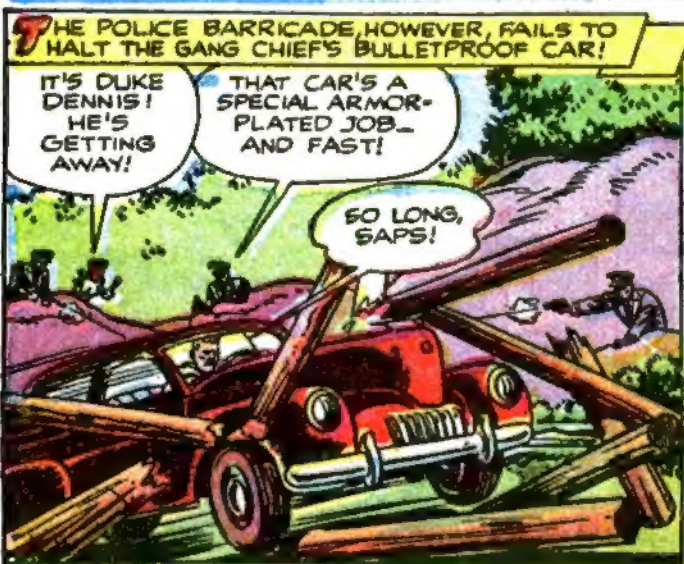
I'M GOING ALONG TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET SHOT!

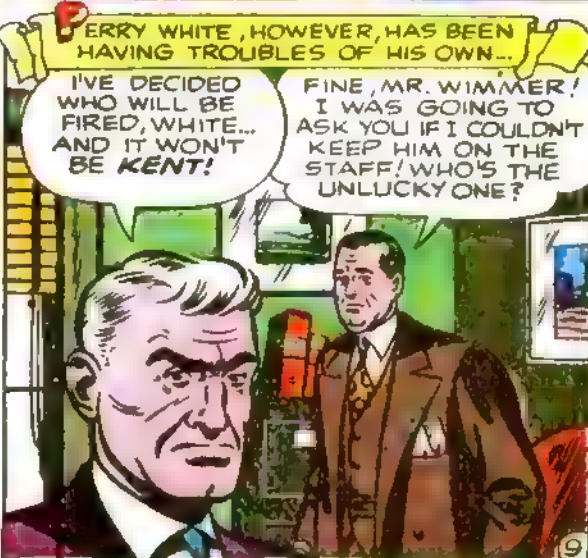
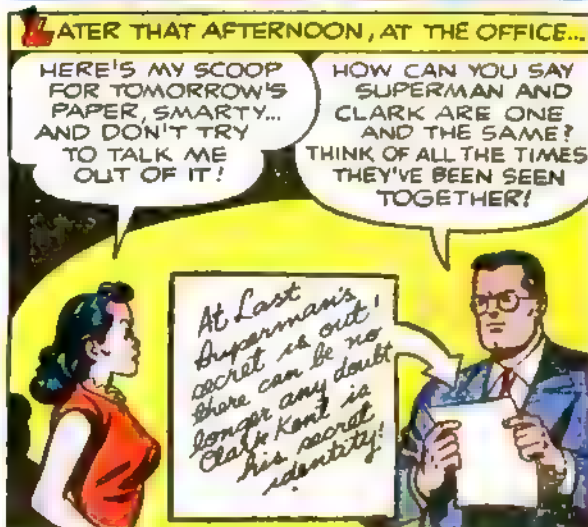
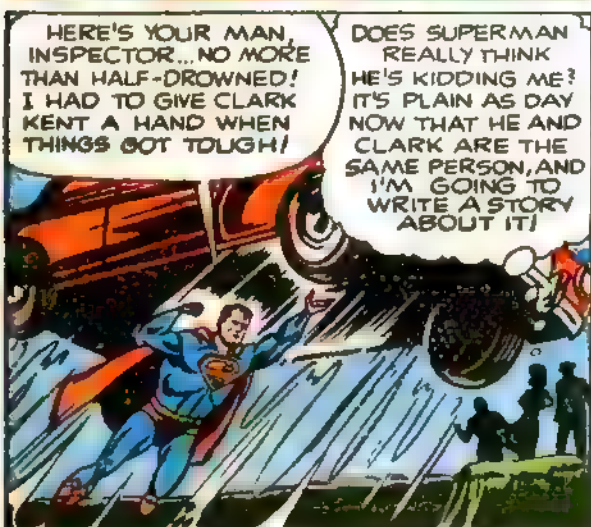
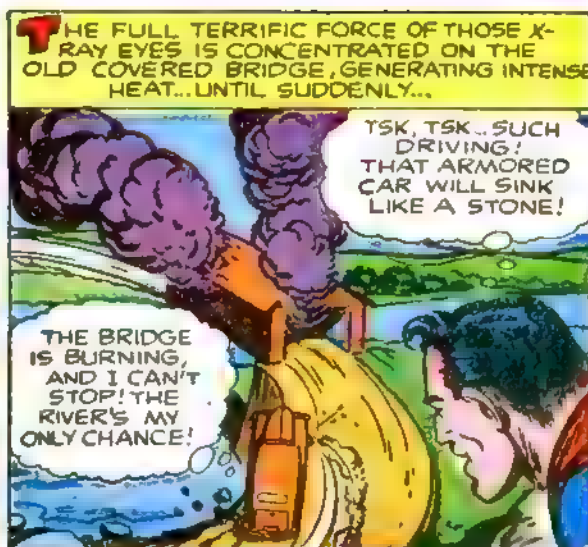
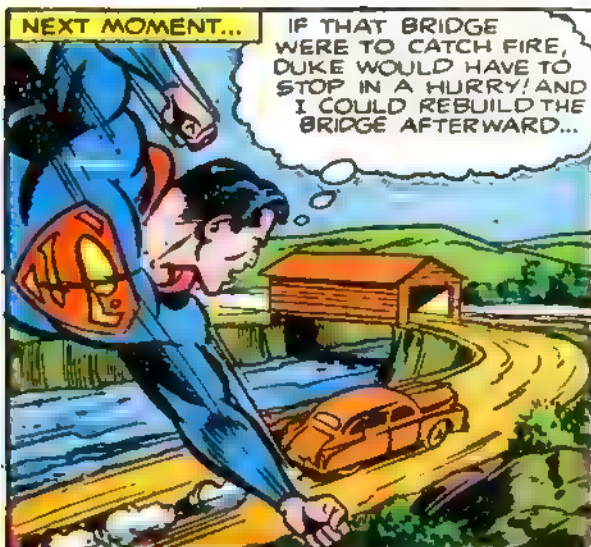
WHERE CENTURIES AGO THE FOUNDERS OF METROPOLIS FOUGHT OFF INDIAN ATTACKS, AN EVEN FIERCER BATTLE RAGES NOW...

DUKE AND THREE OF HIS PALS ARE IN THERE WITH TOMMY GUNS! WE CAN'T GET NEAR ENOUGH TO USE TEAR GAS!

IT WOULD TAKE DAYS TO STARVE THEM OUT... AND THEY'D BE SURE TO KILL SOME OF YOUR MEN!

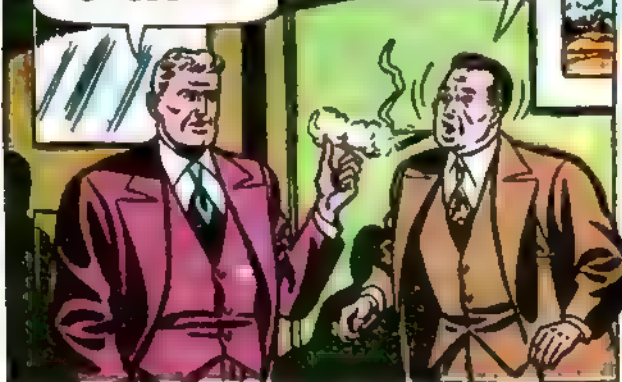
HMM...





YOU ARE! KENT HAS TURNED OUT TO BE OUR BEST MAN... HARBOILED, AGGRESSIVE, NERVY... SO I'M GIVING HIM YOUR JOB! YOU'LL HAVE THE USUAL NOTICE, OF COURSE!

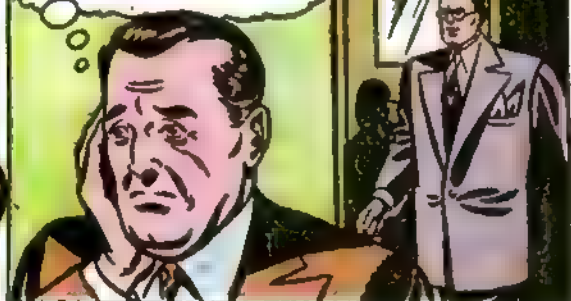
YOU MEAN... I'M THROUGH? JUST LIKE THAT? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?



And so, when CLARK SAUNTERS IN PRESENTLY...

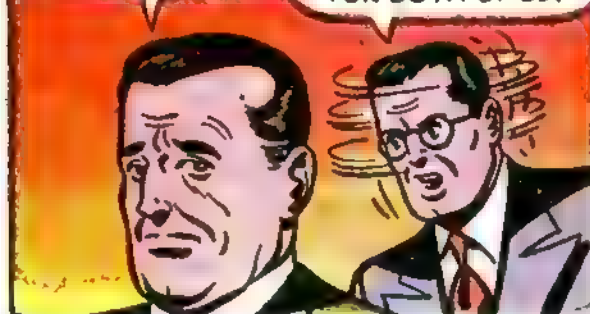
FIRED! THROWN OUT LIKE YESTERDAY'S PAPER! NOTHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO BUT DISGRACE, SMALL JOBS IN SMALL TOWNS ... AND MEMORIES!

HI, PERRY! CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?



IF YOU'RE AFTER ANOTHER RAISE, YOU'LL GET IT...AND MY JOB WITH IT! WIMMER JUST FIRED ME! CONGRATULATIONS!

WHAT? HE CAN'T FIRE THE BEST MANAGING EDITOR IN AMERICA.. AND I CAN'T BE TIED DOWN TO A DESK JOB! LOOK, PERRY, LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME! I'LL FIND A WAY OUT FOR BOTH OF US!



Now will CLARK meet this situation? AND HOW will he protect his identity? THAT EVENING, HE VISITS THE WAXWORKS HALL OF FAME, WITH A CERTAIN PLAN IN MIND...

I'M SICK OF BEING A HERO! I WANT THAT FIGURE OF ME PUT OUT OF SIGHT! I'LL EVEN BUY IT FROM YOU!

IT'S NO GOOD TO ME OUT OF SIGHT, AND I COULDN'T SHOW IT WITHOUT YOUR PERMISSION!...IT'S YOURS FOR WHAT IT COST ME!



LATER, IN THE NOW DESERTED DAILY PLANET OFFICE...

I'LL LEAVE THE DUMMY IN THIS COAT CLOSET FOR THE TIME BEING! WITH IT, I'LL BE ABLE TO FOOL LOIS LANE!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, HOWEVER...

IT'S TOO WARM FOR THIS JACKET! I'LL HANG IT IN THE CLOSET!



WHAT--? A DUMMY! SO THAT'S HOW CLARK AND SUPERMAN MANAGE TO BE SEEN TOGETHER SOMETIMES! NOW I KNOW CLARK IS SUPERMAN! I'M GOING TO REPORT THIS SCOOP TO PERRY WHITE!



BUT CLARK'S ARRIVAL IN PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE, MINUTES LATER, IS IN A RATHER UNUSUAL FASHION...

CLARK NEARLY GOT RUN OVER BY A BUS! LOOKS AS IF HE GOT SO SCARED, HE FAINTED!

YOU DON'T SAY!

WHAT A LAUGH... SUPERMAN TRYING TO FOOL ME WITH THAT DUMMY!



YOU SAY CLARK KENT, OUR TOUGHEST REPORTER, FAINTED JUST BECAUSE A BUS SCARED HIM?

SEE FOR YOURSELF! BETTER STILL, CALL A DOCTOR!

NO DOCTOR WILL BE NEEDED, PERRY!



IT'S ONLY A DUMMY... USED TO FOOL... HUH? I CAN FEEL HIS PULSE... HE'S TALKING!

WHAT'S GOING ON, HERE?

OH...H... IT WAS AWFUL! IF SUPERMAN HADN'T BEEN THERE...



I MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS! I'M NO HERO! I ONLY PRETENDED TO BE BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID OF GETTING FIRED! ALL THOSE DAREDEVIL STUNTS WERE DONE EITHER BY SUPERMAN OR WITH HIS HELP!

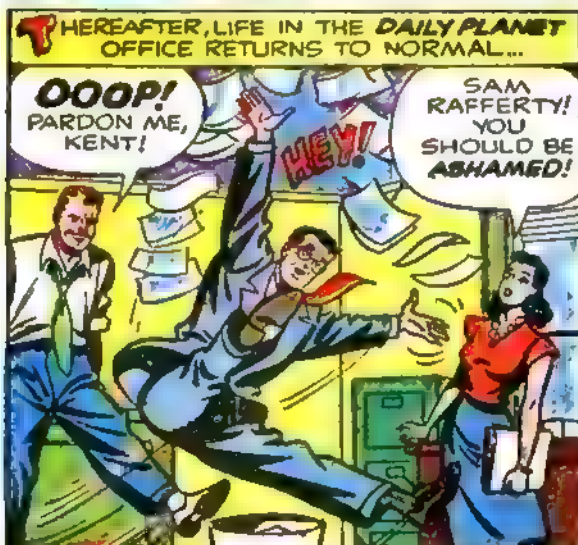
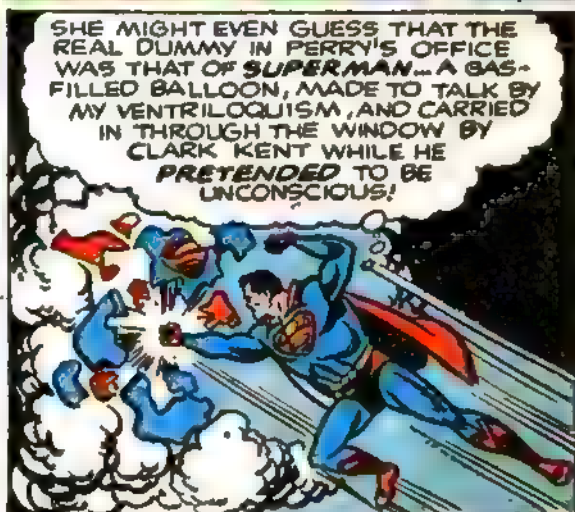
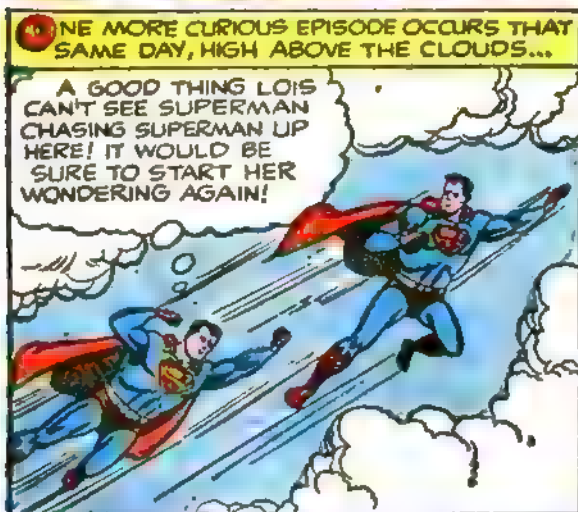
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT DUMMY IN THE CLOSET? EXPLAIN THAT... IF YOU CAN!



I BOUGHT IT FROM THE NIGHTWORKS EXHIBIT LAST NIGHT! I KNEW IN MY HEART I DIDN'T BELONG THERE BESIDE SUPERMAN, AS A HERO, AND IT BOTHERED ME! I PUT IT IN THE CLOSET TILL I COULD GET RID OF IT!

SO THAT'S THE EXPLANATION! I-I... GUESS I'M NOT AS SMART AS I THOUGHT...





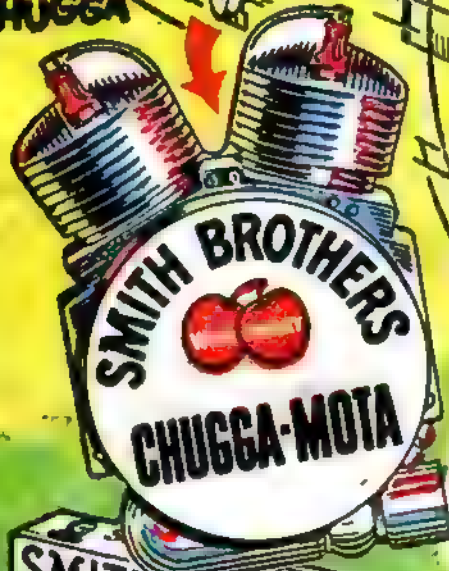
BOYS! GIRLS!

HURRY! BE THE FIRST TO GO
ROARING BY WITH A WONDERFUL

CHUGGA- MOTA!

SOUNDS LIKE A
REAL MOTORCYCLE

CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA!



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P. O. Box No. 207
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HURRY! While supply lasts!

SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS

JEEPERS! THESE
WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS
ARE THE BEST THINGS
I EVER TASTED!

ONLY
5¢

Tommy TOMORROW

THIS IS A STORY OF THE GREAT WEST, WITH ALL ITS BADMEN, STAMPEDES, RUSTLING AND GUN DUELS! YET THE YEAR IS NOT 1849-- BUT 1989! FOR IN THAT FUTURE ERA, THERE RISES ALSO A "GOLDEN WEST"-- ON THE PLANET MARS! AND TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS, LIKE A FUTURE BUFFALO BILL, CREATES HIS OWN NEW SAGA AS HE OUTDRAWS, OUTSHOTS AND OUTWITS THE....



"BADMEN of MARS!"

OFF DUTY ON EARTH, TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS ENJOYS DINNER AT THE FAMED PLANET-O-MAT!

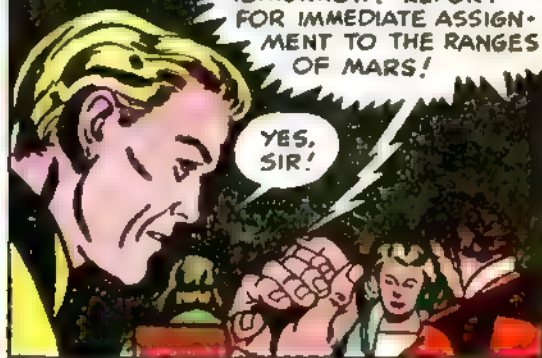
I'M GOING TO HAVE A NINE PLANETS MEAL-- SOMETHING FROM EVERY WORLD!



BUT AT THE END OF HIS INTERPLANETARY MEAL, A SUDDEN CALL COMES OVER HIS RING RADIO...

HEADQUARTERS CALLING COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW! REPORT FOR IMMEDIATE ASSIGNMENT TO THE RANGES OF MARS!

YES, SIR!



AT HEADQUARTERS...

AS YOU KNOW, COLONEL TOMORROW, MARS AND ITS IRRIGATION CANALS ARE THE GREAT CATTLE RANGES OF TODAY! SOMETHING LIKE THE OLD WEST ON EARTH. AND AN OUTLAW IS OPERATING HERE?

LIKE AN OLD TIME BADMAN, EH?

YES! VULTURE SMITH HAS BEEN RAIDING THE RANCHERS UP THERE, RUSTLING AND THIEVING. HE'S GOT PLENTY OF NOTCHES ON HIS RAY-GUN FOR THE MEN HE'S KILLED! AND SHERIFF JONES HAS APPEALED TO THE PLANETEERS FOR HELP.

WANTED
VULTURE SMITH
5000 CREDITS
MARTIAN THALLANS

BUT WE CAN'T SPARE A BIG UNIT! IT'LL HAVE TO BE A ONE-MAN JOB! GO AND GET YOUR MAN, COLONEL TOMORROW!

RIGHT, SIR! I'M ON MY WAY!

ALONE, TOMMY TOMORROW ROCKETS THROUGH SPACE TO THE PLANET MARS, THE "OLD WEST" OF 1989!

I'M TO MEET THE SHERIFF AT A TOWN CALLED GUNSMOKE! GOSH, HOW ALL THOSE NAMES BRING BACK MEMORIES OF ALL THE STORIES OF THE GOLDEN WEST ON EARTH!

LATER - THE TOWN OF GUNSMOKE...

IF THIS WASN'T MARS, I'D SWEAR I WAS BACK IN 1849 ON EARTH! WONDER IF THEY RIDE HORSES, TOO?

ROYAL MARS HOTEL

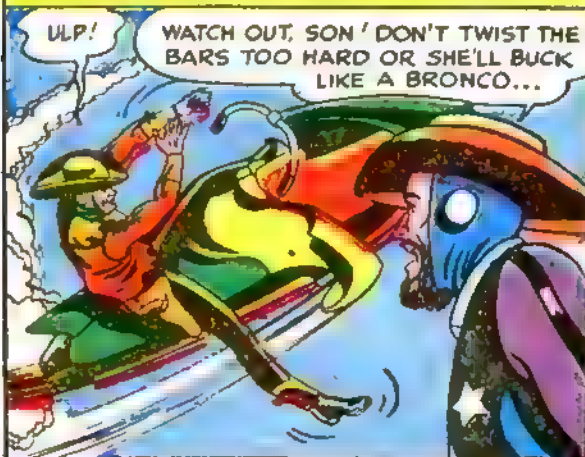
BUT THIS IS A MODERN "OLD WEST," DESPITE ITS ANCIENT AIR!

HI, PARDNER! YUH MUST BE TOMMY TOMORROW, THE PLANETEER! I'M SHERIFF JONES! WHOA THAR, BETSY!

THEY USE ROCKETS FOR HORSES!

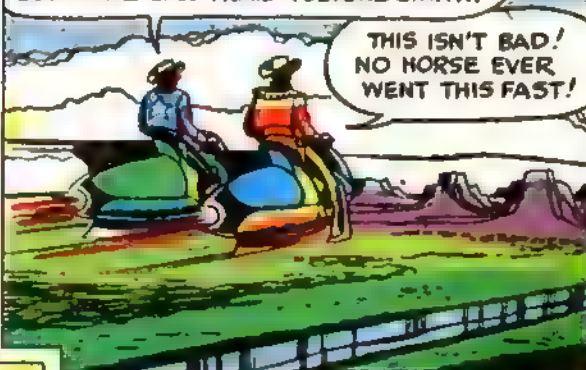
LOXOS CO

THE SHERIFF HAS BROUGHT A SIMILAR STEED FOR TOMMY, BUT AT THE FIRST TRY...



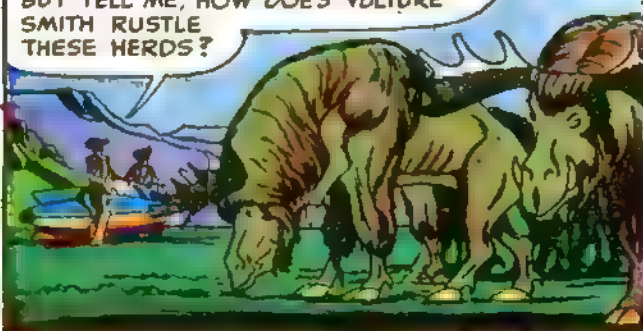
WITH NO DAMAGE EXCEPT TO HIS PRIDE, TOMMY SOON MASTERS HIS MECHANICAL MOUNT AND "GALLOPS" OVER THE RANGES OF MARS!

GIDDAP, BETSY! I'LL SHOW YUH OUR CATTLE HERDS, TOMMY! THEN WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN TRAIL VULTURE SMITH!



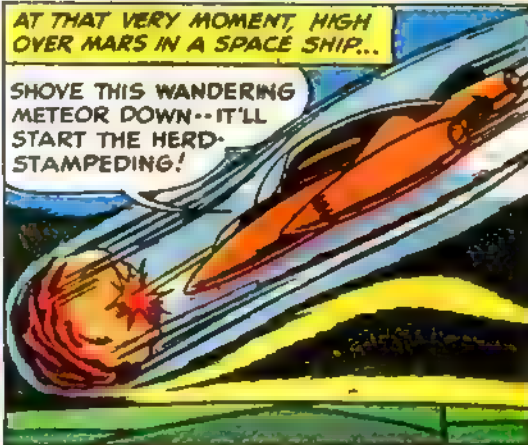
THE "CATTLE" OF MARS ARE A NATIVE BREED, QUEER TO TOMMY'S EYES!

BUILT LIKE A BUFFALO, BUT WITH A MOOSE'S ANTLERS, AND SIX LEGS! BUT TELL ME, HOW DOES VULTURE SMITH RUSTLE THESE HERDS?



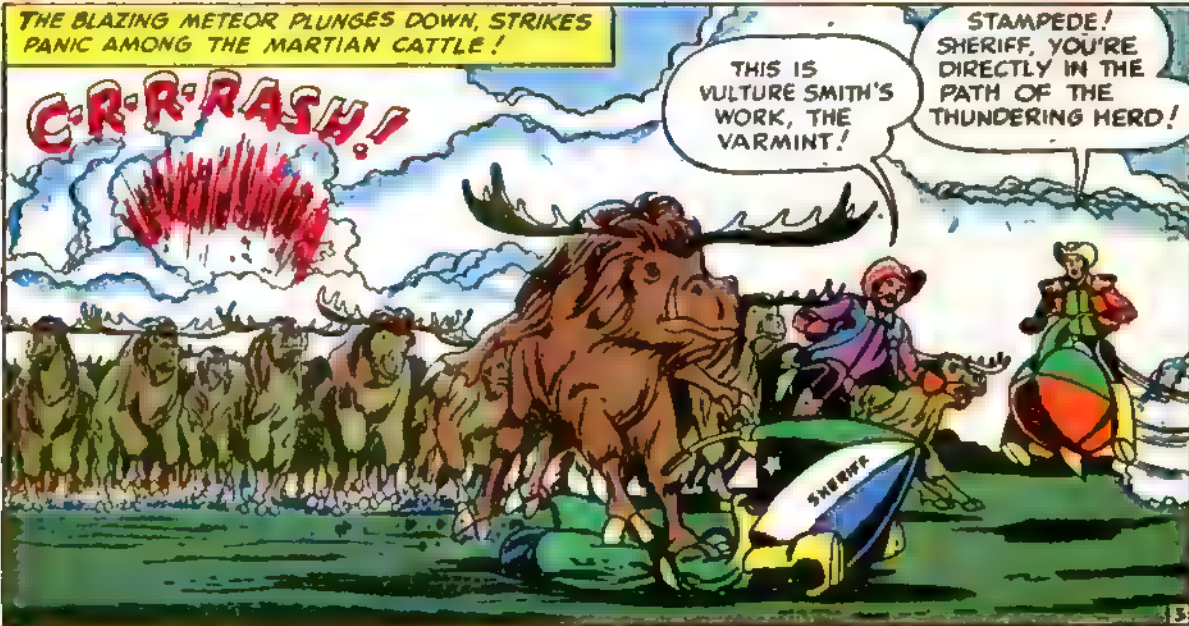
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, HIGH OVER MARS IN A SPACE SHIP...

SHOVE THIS WANDERING METEOR DOWN--IT'LL START THE HERD-STAMPEDING!



THE BLAZING METEOR PLUNGES DOWN, STRIKES PANIC AMONG THE MARTIAN CATTLE!

C-R-R-RASH!





TOMMY TOMORROW PERFORMS A RESCUE IN TRUE WESTERN STYLE!

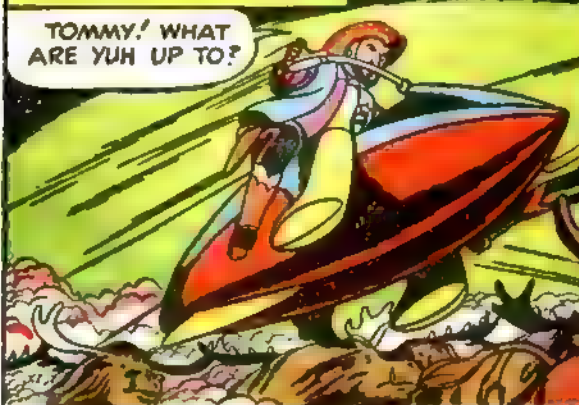
HANG ON BEHIND ME, SHERIFF!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



TOMMY QUICKLY GUESSES THE SCHEME AND....

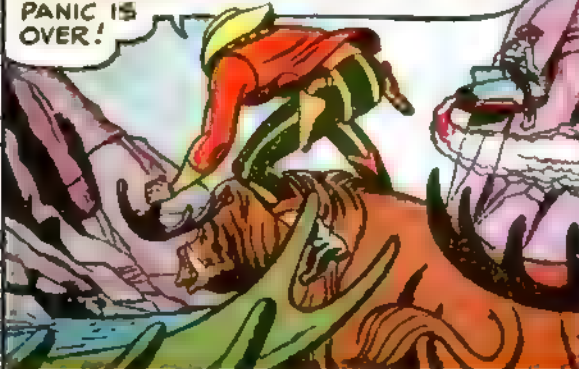
TOMMY! WHAT ARE YUH UP TO?



THIS BIG BULL -- HE'S THE HERD LEADER! IF I TURN HIM AWAY FROM THE PASS--

MUSCLE'S HARDENED AND TRAINED BY INNUMERABLE ADVENTURES AND HAZARDS IN SPACE, THE PLANETEER EXERTS EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH AND WINS HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST BRUTE MIGHT!

TURN! TURN! THAT'S IT--AWAY FROM THE PASS! CIRCLE THE VALLEY, AND THE REST OF THE HERD WILL FOLLOW 'TILL THEIR PANIC IS OVER!



MEANWHILE, VULTURE SMITH AND HIS BADMEN CARRY OUT THE NEXT STEP IN THEIR PLAN!

USE YOUR GUNS TO DRIVE 'EM OUT OF THE PASS! THEY'LL END UP IN THE BADLANDS WHERE WE'LL CORRAL 'EM FOR OURSELVES!

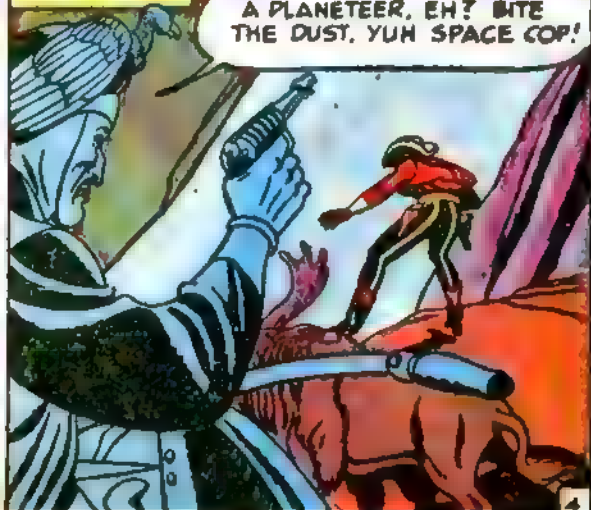
YAH, YAH, YAH! GIT ALONG!

YIPPEE! YAYYY!



ENRAGED AT THE DEFEAT OF HIS PLAN, VULTURE SMITH ATTACKS THE LONE PLANETEER!

A PLANETEER, EH? BITE THE DUST, YUH SPACE COP!



BUT THERE IS NO DRAW, WHETHER OF 1849 OR 1989, FASTER THAN THE LIGHTNING DRAW OF COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW!

YIPE! SHOT M'GUN AWAY! GOTTA HIGH-TAIL IT AWAY!

WITHOUT A ROCKET-HORSE TO FOLLOW!

AND ME

SHERIFF-- QUICK! WE'LL TRAIL HIM AND...

NO USE, TOMMY! DON'T FORGET THE ROCKET-HORSES DON'T LEAVE ANY HOOFPRINTS! WE SEARCHED THE BADLANDS A YEAR WITHOUT STUMBLING ACROSS THEIR HIDEOUT!

AND LATER, IN THE BADLANDS OF MARS, A GRIM AND OMINOUS VOW HISSES FROM THE RUTHLESS LIPS OF THE OUTLAW!

THIS NOTCH IS FOR THAT PLANETEER! I'M PUTTING IT IN NOW, IN ADVANCE, BECAUSE I KNOW I'M GONNA GIT HIM AN' FEED HIM TO THE VULTURES-- SOONER OR LATER!

MEANWHILE, TOMMY TOMORROW IS GIVEN FULL CHARGE OF THE MANHUNT, AND A SIMILAR VOW RISES TO THE STARS!

I DEPUTIZE TOMMY TOMORROW TO CAPTURE AND ARREST VULTURE SMITH!

I SOLEMNLY PROMISE TO DO MY DUTY!

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, A WATCH IS KEPT OUT ON THE RANGE BY TOMMY TOMORROW, BUT ALL IS NOT GRIM DUTY! THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE LONELY COW-PUNCHERS OF MARS RESORT TO SONG...

MARS HAS TWO MOONS-- PHOBOS AND DEIMOS! SO THEIR SONGS ARE TYPICALLY MARTIAN...

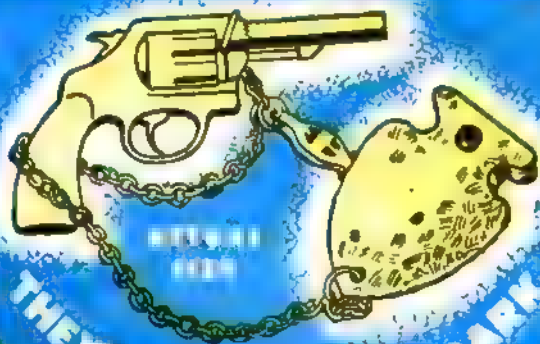
OH, LET ME ROAM ALONG CANALS, UNDER SILVERY MOONS ABOVE...

MOST SENSATIONAL TOM MIX OFFER EVER!

SEND FOR THIS MAGIC
MINIATURE OF MY
OWN SIX-SHOOTER.
READ BELOW ABOUT
THE TRICKS IT DOES!



TOM MIX SUPER-MAGNETIC Compass Gun AND SIGNAL WHISTLE

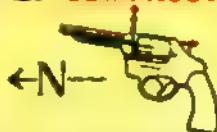


IT'S A BEAUTIFUL WATCH FOB,
BRACELET OR KEY CHAIN!



HIDDEN HOOK holds greenhead on your belt above watch pocket.
Fasten special clasp to wear around your wrist.

IT'S A NEW KIND
OF COMPASS!



Dangle gun from chain and it
always points north. Find your
way at night, too! It GLOWS!

IT'S A SHRILL
SIGNAL WHISTLE!



HIDDEN WHISTLE (in arrow-
head) permits you to signal
friends, call for help.

ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL
LITTLE MAGNETS YOU'VE EVER SEEN!



Make gun, paper clips jump 1/2 inch in air. Put small piece of metal
under paper—gun above—and it lifts paper and all! Holds heavy letter
open as they point. AMAZING MAGNETIC POWER!

It's really super! Be among the
first in your neighborhood to get
this perfect little model of Tom's
Six-Shooter — amaze your friends
with the tricks it will perform.

YOURS FOR ONLY 15¢

and one
Hot Ralston or
Instant Ralston
box top



DON'T DELAY—USE THIS COUPON!

TOM MIX, Box 806-C, St. Louis, Mo.

Enclosed are 15¢ cash and one Ralston box top for
Tom's Magnetic Compass-Gun & Signal Whistle.

Name

Address

City State

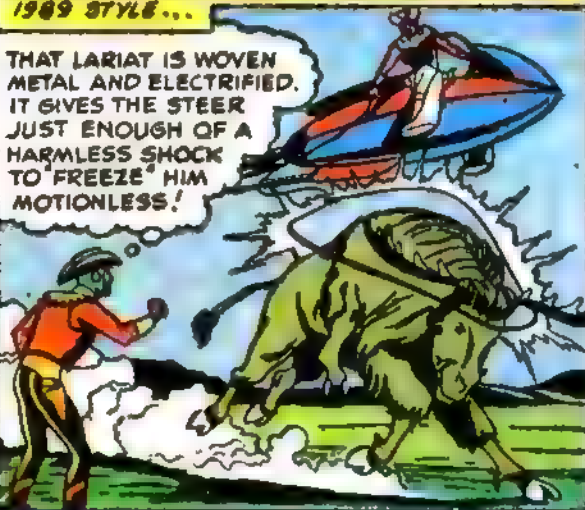
If you don't have coupon write name and address on Ralston
box top and mail with 15¢ Offer good only in U.S.A. and may
be withdrawn at any time.

Tune in TOM MIX

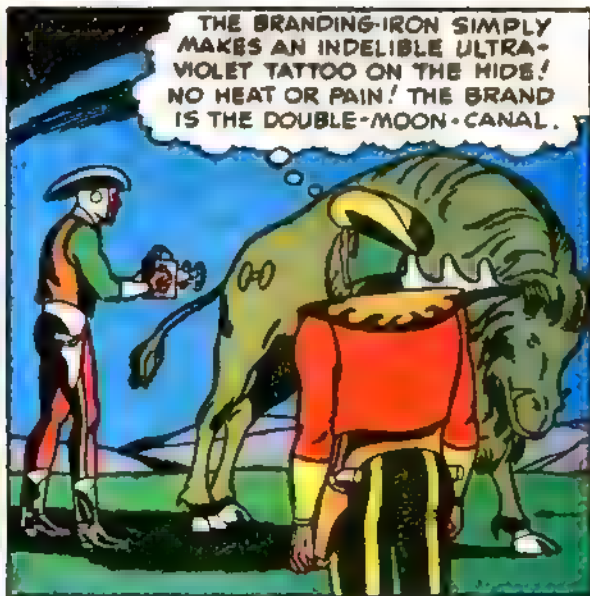
5:30-6:00 PM—Mon., Wed., Fri.
— Mutual Broadcasting System

DURING THE DAY, THERE IS BRANDING TO DO, 1989 STYLE...

THAT LARIAT IS WOVEN METAL AND ELECTRIFIED. IT GIVES THE STEER JUST ENOUGH OF A HARMLESS SHOCK TO 'FREEZE' HIM MOTIONLESS!



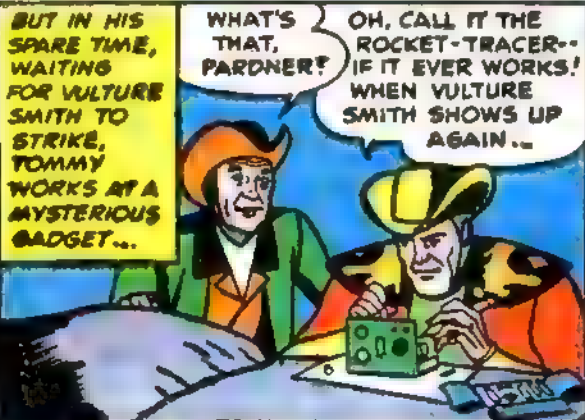
THE BRANDING-IRON SIMPLY MAKES AN INDELIBLE ULTRA-VIOLET TATTOO ON THE HIDE! NO HEAT OR PAIN! THE BRAND IS THE DOUBLE-MOON-CANAL.



BUT IN HIS SPARE TIME, WAITING FOR VULTURE SMITH TO STRIKE, TOMMY WORKS AT A MYSTERIOUS GADGET...

WHAT'S THAT, PARDNER?

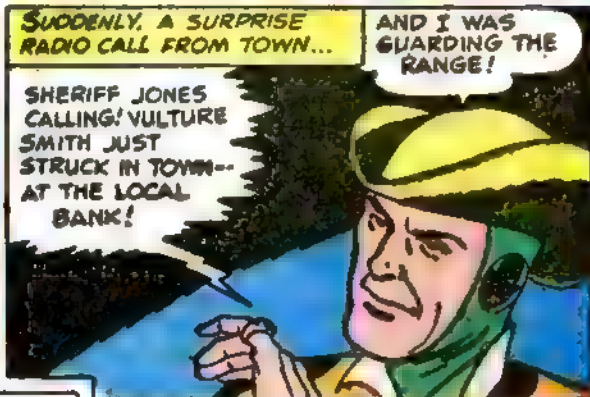
OH, CALL IT THE ROCKET-TRACER-- IF IT EVER WORKS! WHEN VULTURE SMITH SHOWS UP AGAIN...



SUDDENLY, A SURPRISE RADIO CALL FROM TOWN...

AND I WAS GUARDING THE RANGE!

SHERIFF JONES CALLING! VULTURE SMITH JUST STRUCK IN TOWN-- AT THE LOCAL BANK!



IN TOWN...

WE SPOTTED THAT PLANETEER VARMIN'T OUT ON TH' RANGE! PERFECT CHANCE TO SKIP WITH THE BANK LOOT!



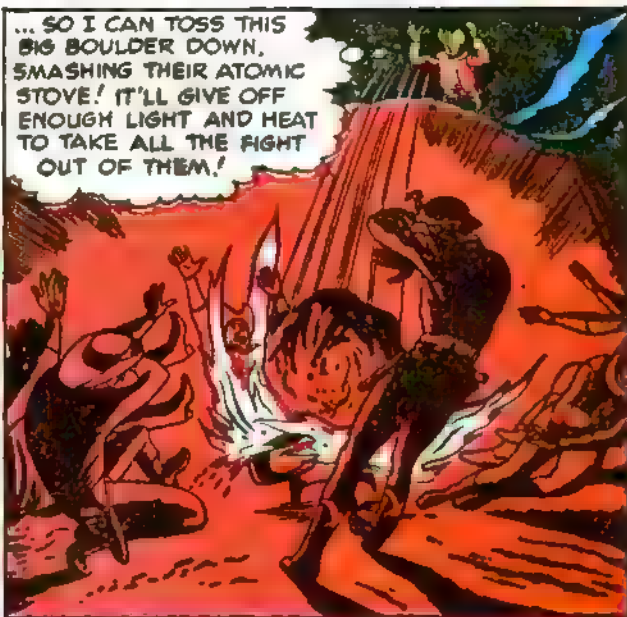
BUT THOUGH ARRIVING LATE, TOMMY IS THIS TIME ABLE TO PICK UP THE TRAIL WITH HIS "ROCKET TRACER"!

ROCKET HORSES DON'T LEAVE HOOFPRIENTS-- BUT THEY LEAVE EXHAUST GASES! THIS GAS GAUGE REGISTERS THEM!

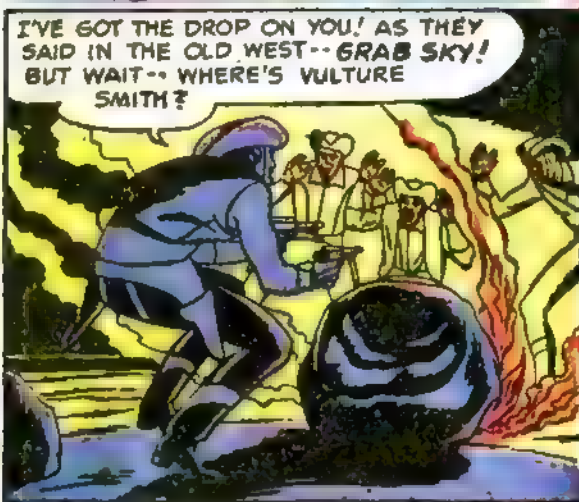




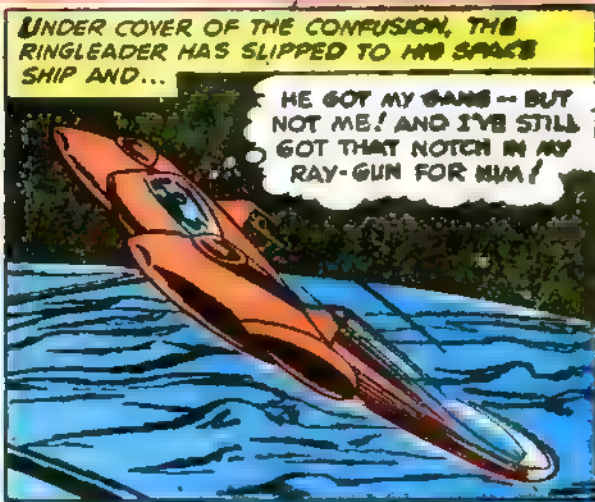
CAN'T OUTSHOOT THEM ALL AT ONCE! GOT TO USE STRATEGY! LET'S SEE, MARTIAN GRAVITY IS ONLY TWO-FIFTHS THAT OF EARTH...



... SO I CAN TOSS THIS BIG BOULDER DOWN, SMASHING THEIR ATOMIC STOVE! IT'LL GIVE OFF ENOUGH LIGHT AND HEAT TO TAKE ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF THEM!

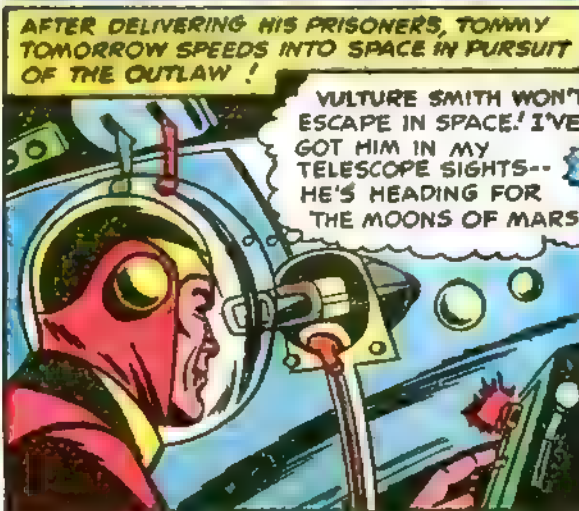


I'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU! AS THEY SAID IN THE OLD WEST-- GRAB SKY! BUT WAIT-- WHERE'S VULTURE SMITH?



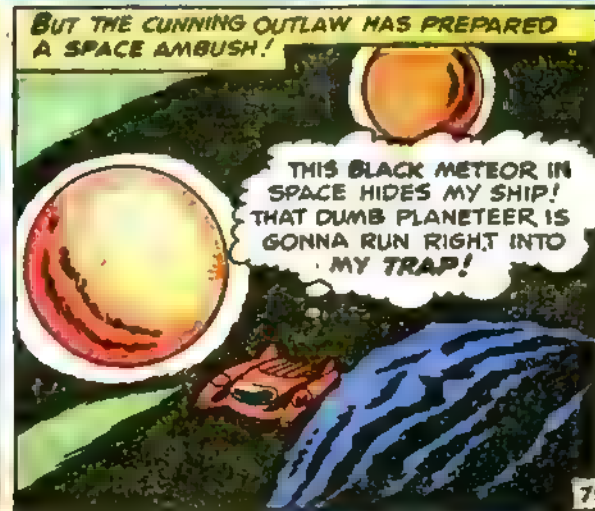
UNDER COVER OF THE CONFUSION, THE RINGLEADER HAS SLIPPED TO HIS SPACE SHIP AND...

HE GOT MY GUNS -- BUT NOT ME! AND I'VE STILL GOT THAT NOTCH IN MY RAY-GUN FOR HIM!



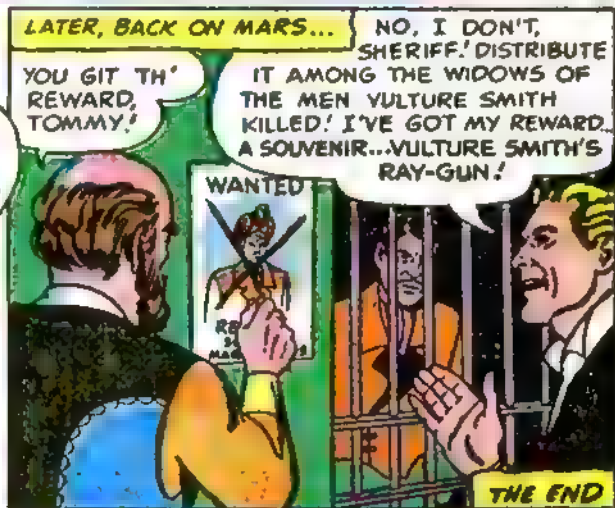
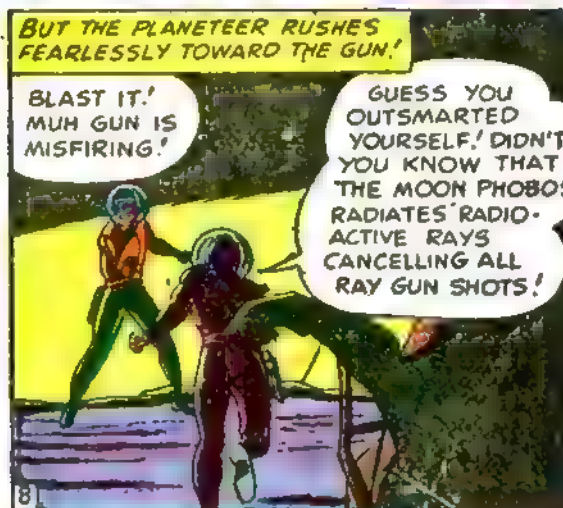
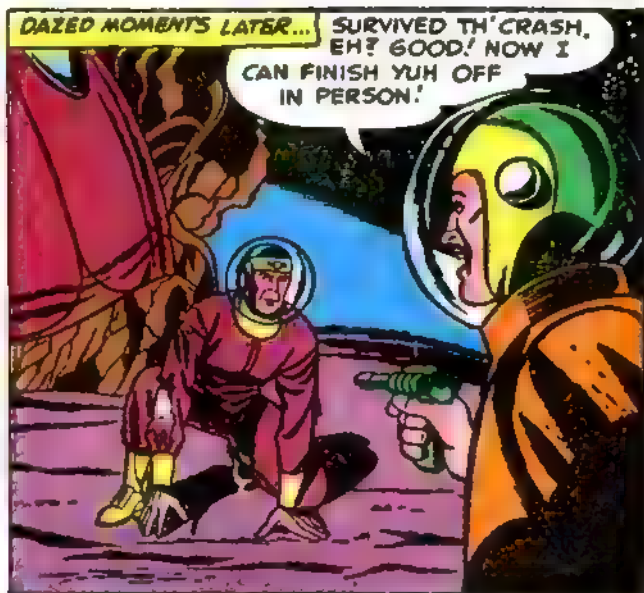
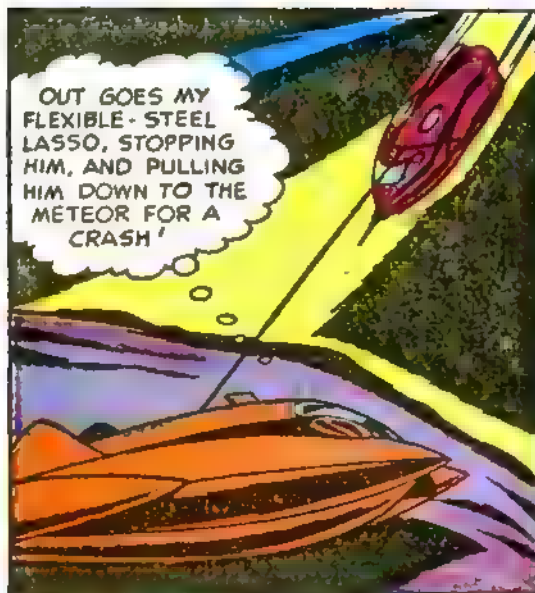
AFTER DELIVERING HIS PRISONERS, TOMMY TOMORROW SPEEDS INTO SPACE IN PURSUIT OF THE OUTLAW!

VULTURE SMITH WON'T ESCAPE IN SPACE! I'VE GOT HIM IN MY TELESCOPE SIGHTS-- HE'S HEADING FOR THE MOONS OF MARS!



BUT THE CUNNING OUTLAW HAS PREPARED A SPACE AMBUSH!

THIS BLACK METEOR IN SPACE HIDES MY SHIP! THAT DUMB PLANETEER IS GONNA RUN RIGHT INTO MY TRAP!



Tommy Tomorrow CONTEST WINNERS!

2 FIRST PRIZE WINNERS!

SANDY ANGELO
4011 MAINE AVE.,
BALTIMORE 7, M.D.

ALVER FRANKLIN
125 YOU STREET, N.W.,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

BOTH OF WHOM SUBMITTED THE BEST NAME FOR TOMMY TOMORROW'S NEW SPACE SHIP:

SPACE ACE

ADDITIONAL WINNERS

PATTY BEAMER, Akron, Ohio
WILLIAM ROSE, Philadelphia, Pa.
ELDON EVERETT, Puyallup, Wash.
SHERRON ZUMBO, Hyattsville, Md.
ALEX PETERS, Astoria, N.Y.
PATRICIA FINLAY, Blountstown, Fla.
BOB STONE, Canoga Park, Cal.
SHIRLEY FOREHAND, Centralia, Ill.
ROY LONGBOTTOM, Akron, Ohio
VIELKA H. DE GRACIA, Ancon, Canal Zone

BOBBY SKINNER, Swamoa, N.C.
DAVID NEUMANN, Okarche, Okla.
EDDIE BARRIGOR, Bay City, Mich.
JACK STERRINGER, Lancaster, Pa.
M. ROBERTSON, Wrightsville Beach, N.C.
GOSSETT HAYMON, JR., Akron, Ohio
DAVID MINNICK, Sacramento, Cal.
CARLENE COOK, Kernersville, N.C.
CURTIS HOPKINS, West Plains, Mo.
GERALD T. BROCK, Bonifay, Fla.
ROBERT WALLONDER, New York, N.Y.

ARNOLD ELLIS, New York, N.Y.
ALDEN COOPER, Dodge City, Kan.
DONALD REYNAN, Sacramento, Cal.
CLARENCE SLINGETA, Honolulu, H.I.
CYRIL ASSAD, Donora, Pa.
MARKLEY CLARKE, Junction City, Ore.
KENNY FOREMAN, Worden, Mont.
C. ROY CLEVELAND, Thomas, Okla.
JOHN MASON, Jersey City, N.J.
BILL HAM, Healdton, Okla.

-Hi Fellows! The **NEW**

LIONEL TRAINS

Catalog is Ready



**SEE THE NEW
DIESEL LOCOS-
and the marvelous
DIESEL SWITCHER**

Boy!—I'll bet you and dad are planning a new and bigger LIONEL Railroad for this Christmas! Lots of new LIONEL locos, cars, and accessories to choose from! You know, boys, nobody but LIONEL gives you true railroad realism. The new 1949 catalog tells all about the famous LIONEL smoke puffing locos, the built-in real R.R. whistles, and the sensational Lionel Electronic Railroad. LIONEL Train Sets priced from as little as \$15.95.

See Lionel trains at
your favorite store.

WRITE FOR THE CATALOG TODAY!

LIONEL TRAINS

LIONEL TRAINS, P. O. Box-139
Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

I enclose 10c. Please send me the new 40-page,
full-color Lionel Train Catalog for 1949.

Name

Address

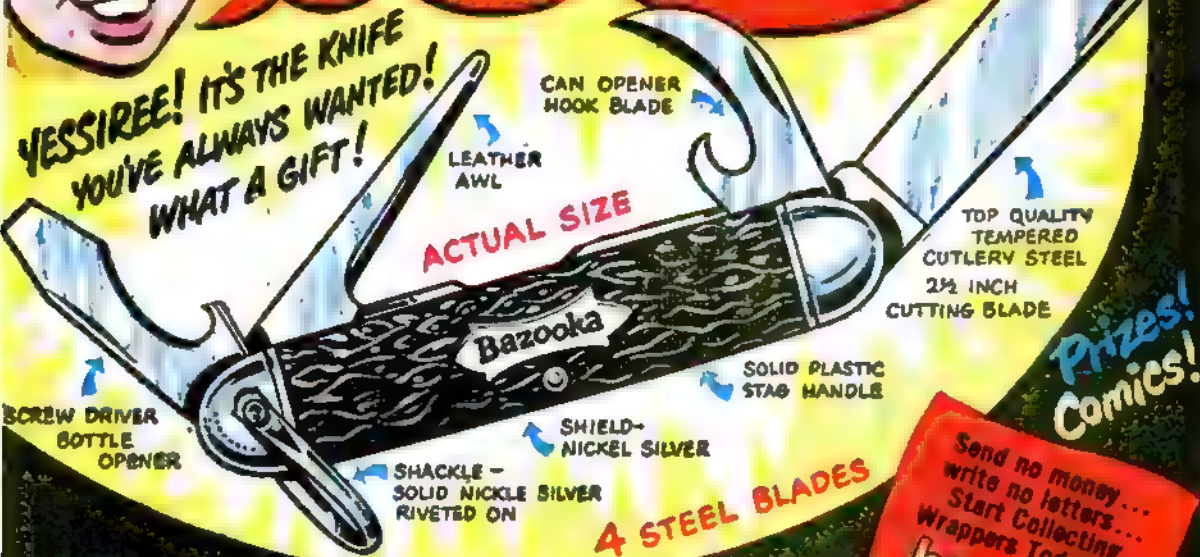
City Zone State

WOW! KIDS!

I'M GIVING AWAY 10,000 OFFICIAL BAZOOKA SCOUTING KNIVES!



YESSIREE! IT'S THE KNIFE
YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED!
WHAT A GIFT!

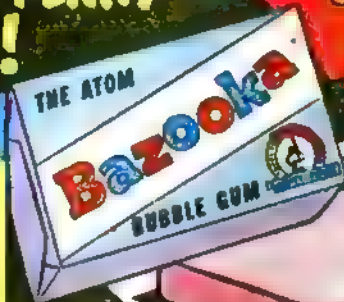


TO THE FIRST 10,000 BOYS & GIRLS TO SEND IN 100 PENNY BAZOOKA WRAPPERS!

YOU CAN WIN my official scouting
knife! Just follow these simple rules!

1. Start today to save the wrappers from delicious PENNY BAZOOKA Bubble Gum. All BAZOOKA wrappers are good for this KNIFE OFFER.
2. When you have collected one hundred of these red, white and blue silver foil wrappers, put them in an envelope, with your name and address on a slip of paper inside.
3. Mail to BAZOOKA, Dept. B, Box 100, Brooklyn 32, N. Y. The first 10,000 entries received in this prize award will win any BAZOOKA Scouting Knife. Entries judged by the date and hour of the postmark on your letter to give everybody, everywhere the same chance. Duplicate prizes in case of ties.
4. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 15, 1949, to qualify.
5. Offer open to all residents of the U. S., its territories and possessions, except employees, and their families, of Topps Chewing Gum and its advertising agency.

Send no money...
write no letters...
Start Collecting
Wrappers Today and
have your
Knife before
Christmas!



PENNY
Bazooka

**2 BIG
CHEWS 1¢**

Made by the makers of Topps Chewing Gum

CONGO BILL

IN DUKA, AMONG THE PEOPLE OF IRAB, CONGO BILL OF WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE FINDS HIMSELF SUDDENLY WITHOUT FRIENDS AND UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF A MAN WHO HAD BEEN HIS FRIEND AND WHO HAD CALLED ON HIM FOR HELP! VENGEANCE AND HATE, IN THEIR WAR ON PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT, TAKE UP AGAINST HIM THE ANCIENT...

"WEAPONS OF GENGIS KHAN!"



AT THE LANDING STRIP AT DUKA, CAPITAL OF IRAB, IN THE HIMALAYAS...

IS YOUR FATHER ILL, PRINCE KURDU? HIS MESSAGE WAS MOST URGENT.

MY FATHER, THE RAJAH, IS WELL, CONGO BILL. OTHER AFFAIRS DETAINED HIM. HE HAS SENT MAJ AND ME TO SENT YOU TO THE PALACE.

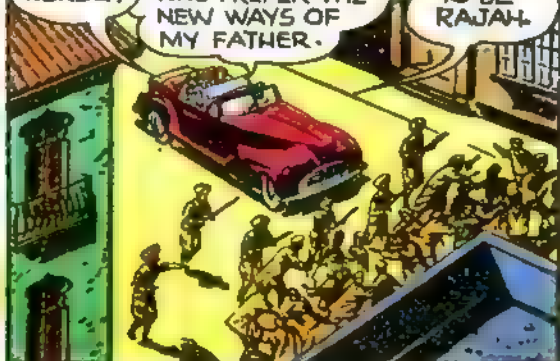


IN DUKA, THE PRINCE'S CAR IS STOPPED BY A STREET RIOT.

WHY DO THEY FIGHT, KURDU?

THOSE WHO PREFER THE OLD WAYS ARE FIGHTING THOSE WHO PREFER THE NEW WAYS OF MY FATHER.

THOSE WHO PREFER THE OLD WAYS WISH KURDU TO BE RAJAH.



THAT NIGHT, WATCHING THE NEW ELECTRIC LIGHTS OF DUKA FROM HIS PALACE ROOM, CONGO BILL OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION...

WE MUST HAVE MORE MONEY, MAI. I PAID THE RIOTERS OUR LAST COIN. IT GROWS HARDER TO STIR UP THE PEOPLE AGAINST THE OLD RAJAH.

QUIET, FOOL. WE MAY BE OVERHEARD. INFLAME THEM WITH FIERY SPEECHES. SOON WE WILL HAVE MUCH MONEY.



WELCOME TO MY STUDY AND TROPHY ROOM, CONGO BILL. FEW KNOW ABOUT IT AND IT HAS ONLY ONE DOOR. I'LL SHOW YOU MY COLLECTION OF WEAPONS WHILE WE DISCUSS MY MESSAGE.

YOUR MESSAGE SAID YOU WANTED TO CHANGE THE BENEFICIARY OF YOUR WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE POLICY.



IF I WERE TO DIE TONIGHT, THE MILLION DOLLARS FROM THIS POLICY WOULD FALL INTO THE HANDS OF MEN WHO WOULD USE IT TO DESTROY MY WORK.

BUT THE BENEFICIARY TO YOUR MILLION DOLLAR POLICY IS YOUR SON, KURDU.



WHAT IS IT, GUARD?

I HAVE COME TO GUIDE YOU TO THE RAJAH'S STUDY, CONGO BILL.



GHENGIS KHAN MUST HAVE KILLED MANY MEN WITH THOSE WEAPONS SEVEN CENTURIES AGO.

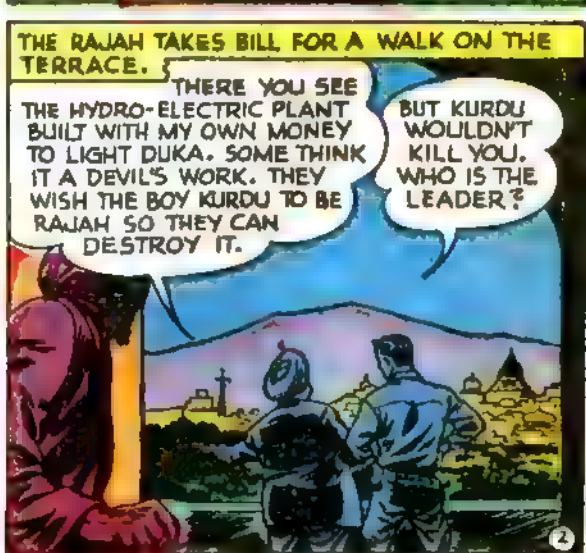
IF ONLY ALL WEAPONS WERE AS HARMLESS NOW. I BROUGHT YOU HERE BECAUSE I HAVE HEARD OF A PLOT TO KILL ME.



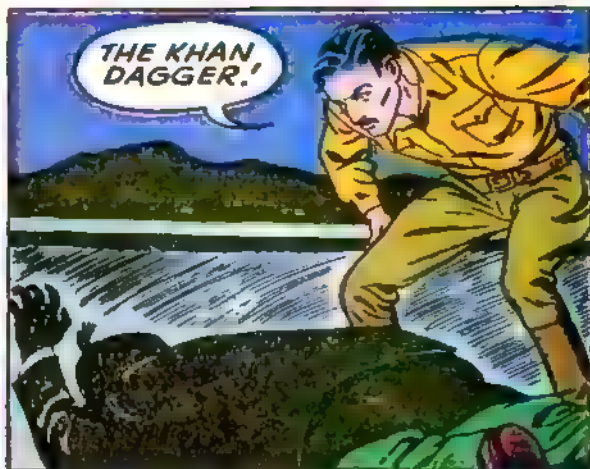
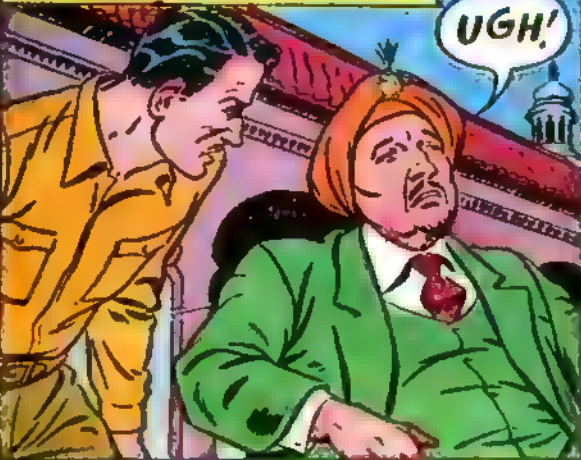
THE RAJAH TAKES BILL FOR A WALK ON THE TERRACE.

THERE YOU SEE THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC PLANT BUILT WITH MY OWN MONEY TO LIGHT DUKA. SOME THINK IT A DEVIL'S WORK. THEY WISH THE BOY KURDU TO BE RAJAH SO THEY CAN DESTROY IT.

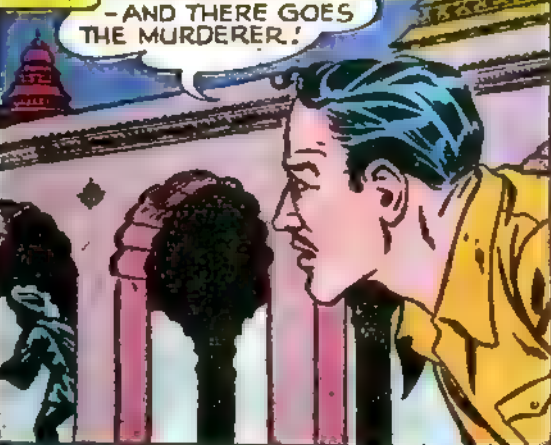
BUT KURDU WOULDN'T KILL YOU. WHO IS THE LEADER?



BUT BEFORE THE RAJAH CAN SPEAK, A DEATH-DEALING DAGGER WHIZZES THROUGH THE AIR AND STRIKES HIM IN THE BACK!



WHEELING TO MEET AN ATTACK, BILL SEES A FIGURE STEALING TOWARD THE RAJAH'S STUDY.



THE QUARRY DIS-APPEARS INTO A DOOR-WAY.



AND CONGO BILL, REMEMBERING THE MURDER-ER'S ATTEMPT TO ENTER THE STUDY...



THE PALACE GUARDS, ALERTED BY BILL'S SHOT, HAVE FOUND THE RAJAH'S BODY.

I MUST ARREST YOU, CONGO BILL. YOU ARE KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN THE ONLY MAN WITH THE RAJAH. AND HE WAS KILLED WITH A DAGGER.

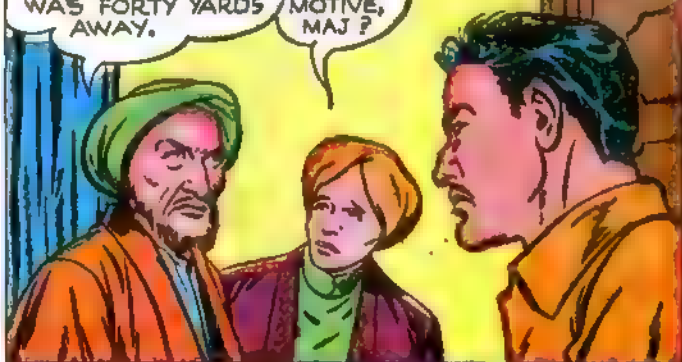
ALL I ASK IS TO SPEAK WITH PRINCE KURDU.



THE DAGGER WAS DRIVEN IN THE FULL TEN INCHES TO THE HILT. NO MAN CAN THROW A KNIFE THAT HARD. YET YOU SAY THE MAN WAS FORTY YARDS AWAY.

BUT WHAT WOULD BE THE MOTIVE, MAJ?

FROM WHAT YOUR FATHER TOLD ME, IT IS YOU WHO HAD THE MOTIVE, KURDU.



YOU DARE TO CALL KURDU A MURDERER!

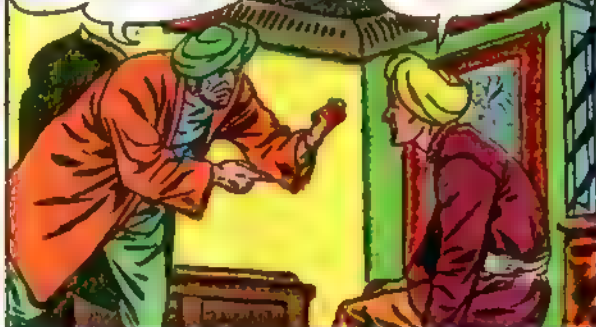
NO. I'M TELLING HIM WHY HE SHOULD HELP ME FIND THE MURDERER. THERE'S SOMETHING THE MURDERER WANTS FROM THE RAJAH'S STUDY.



LATER, IN KURDU'S QUARTERS...

THE STATE COUNCIL WILL SAY YOU ARE TOO YOUNG TO BE RAJAH. WITH THE INSURANCE MONEY, WE CAN RAISE AN ARMY AND SEIZE POWER.

YOU ARE A CLEVER TEACHER, MAJ, BUT I WILL NOT TOUCH THE MONEY UNTIL MY FATHER'S MURDERER IS FOUND.



CONGO BILL IS RIGHT. ANY COURT WOULD SEE I AM A SUSPECT.

WHEN WE HAVE THE MONEY AND YOU ARE THE RAJAH, YOU CAN HANG CONGO BILL WITHOUT A TRIAL. WHO ELSE COULD BE GUILTY?



BUT WHEN MAJ HAS TO HURRY AWAY, KURDU THINKS IT OVER, AND VISITS CONGO BILL.

I LOCKED THE RAJAH'S ROOM. BUT WE MUST GET THERE BEFORE THE MURDERER IS ABLE TO BREAK IN AND TAKE WHAT HE WANTS.

THERE IS ONLY ONE KEY, WHICH WAS ON MY FATHER'S BODY. I HAVE IT NOW. GUARDS, RELEASE CONGO BILL.



APPROACHING THE RAJAH'S STUDY, BILL AND KURDU STARTLE A SKULKER.

THERE HE IS. HE'S RUNNING AWAY. CATCH HIM!

NO. I KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM LATER. LET'S SEARCH THE STUDY FIRST.



AFTER A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION...

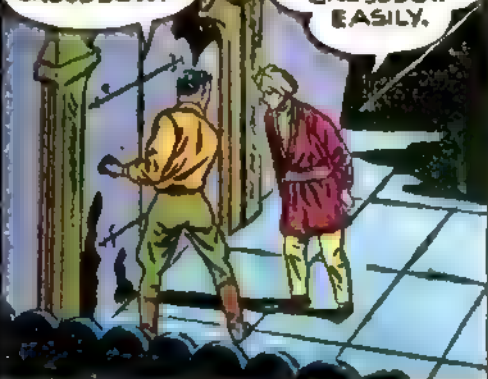
LOOK, KURDU. *THE CROSSBOW IS GONE.* THE MURDERER WASN'T TRYING TO STEAL SOMETHING. HE WAS TRYING TO PUT SOMETHING BACK! BUT HE WAS LOCKED OUT.

I SEE IT NOW! HE SHOT THE DAGGER FROM THE CROSSBOW! THAT EXPLAINS ITS POWER!



WE'LL LOCK THE DOOR AGAIN, AND THE MURDERER WON'T BE ABLE TO REPLACE THE CROSSBOW!

I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THE PALACE GROUNDS. WE CAN FIND THE CROSSBOW EASILY.



THE MURDERER DISAPPEARED INTO THIS DOOR WHEN I CHASED HIM.

BUT THIS IS THE DOORWAY TO THE COURTYARD FOR MY QUARTERS. HOW COULD THE CROSSBOW BE IN MY QUARTERS?



KURDU'S QUARTERS ARE SEARCHED ROOM BY ROOM...

THIS IS THE LAST ROOM AND WE HAVE FOUND NOTHING.

THE CROSSBOW IS A BULKY OBJECT. IT WILL TAKE A LOT OF HIDING. HOW ABOUT THAT CHEST?

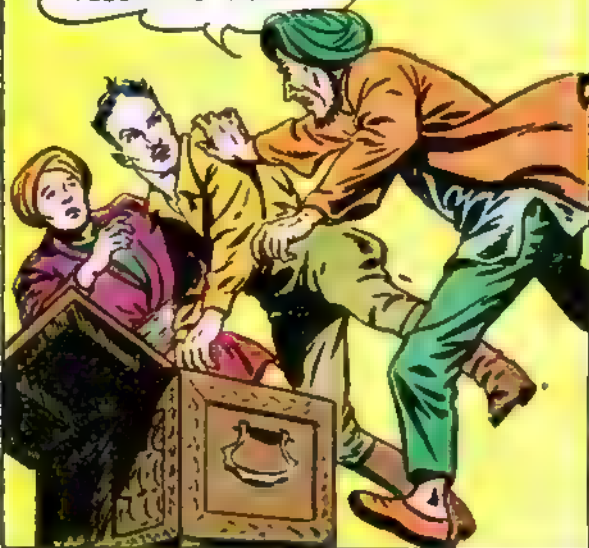


ONLY TWO PEOPLE HAVE KEYS TO THIS CHEST. MYSELF AND MAJ.

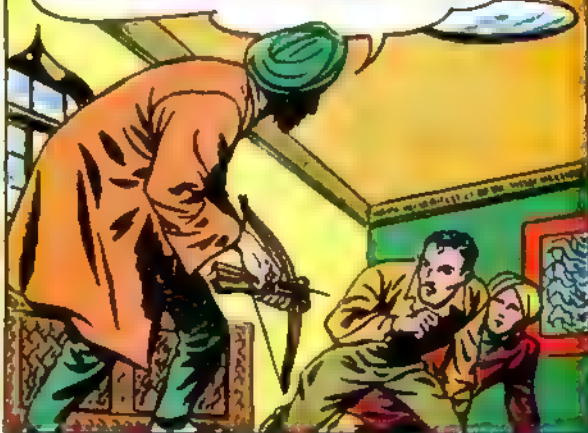
LOOK! THE CROSSBOW OF GHENGIS KHAN.



YES, THE ANCIENT CROSSBOW OF GHENGIS KHAN, AND NOW IT WILL KILL YOU, CONGO BILL, AS IT KILLED THE RAJAH.



I USE MY DAGGER FOR AN ARROW. I DRAW BACK THE BOWSTRING TO ITS LAST NOTCH. STAND CLEAR, KURDU, AND YOU WILL BE RAJAH YET.

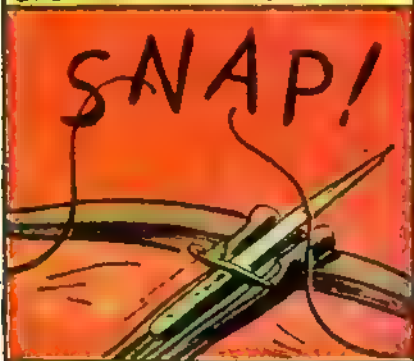


AND THE WEAKLY PROPELLED DAGGER IS EASILY CAUGHT BY CONGO BILL.

I TAKE MY WEAPONS WHERE I FIND THEM.

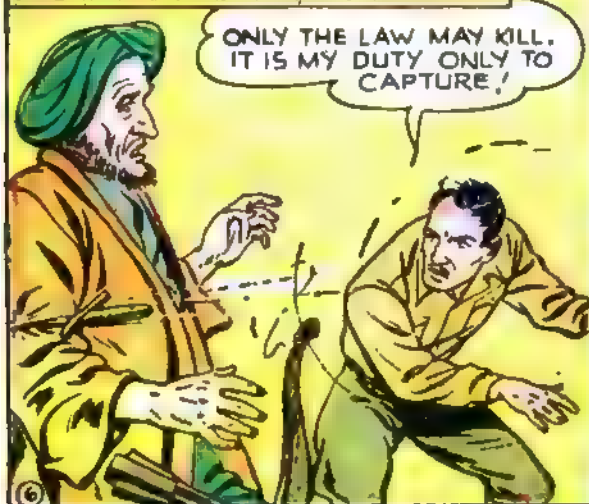


BUT THE ANCIENT BOWSTRING IS STRAINED ONCE TOO OFTEN.



AND MAJ'S MAD CAREER IS ENDED.

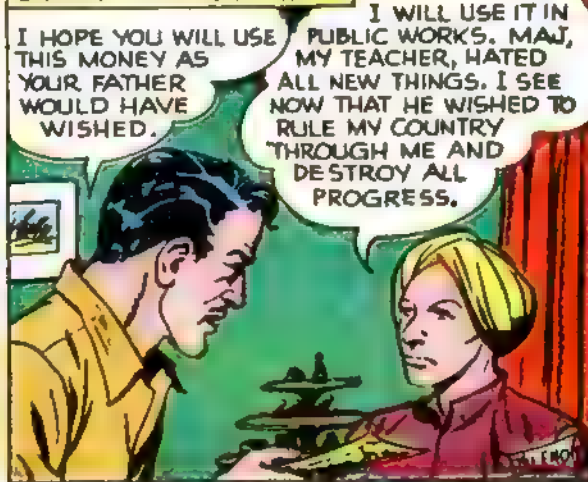
ONLY THE LAW MAY KILL. IT IS MY DUTY ONLY TO CAPTURE!



LATER, CONGO BILL HANDS AN INSURANCE CHECK OVER TO KURDU.

I HOPE YOU WILL USE THIS MONEY AS YOUR FATHER WOULD HAVE WISHED.

I WILL USE IT IN PUBLIC WORKS. MAJ, MY TEACHER, HATED ALL NEW THINGS. I SEE NOW THAT HE WISHED TO RULE MY COUNTRY THROUGH ME AND DESTROY ALL PROGRESS.





Pss-st! Want this Great Columbia Bike for Christmas?



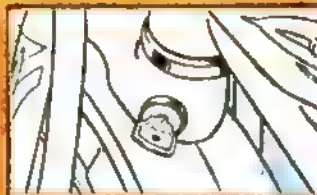
**SUPER-EQUIPPED
FIVE STAR SUPER MOTONIK**

FOR CHRISTMAS, wouldn't you like to have the slickest, smartest bike that ever came down the pike? This new Columbia is a flashy dream of bright Duo-Tone Color, with gleaming chromium galore! It's got the new Columbia Floating-Action Spring Fork that makes the bumpiest road feel like velvet. It's got big, cross-braced handlebars with hand-operated front wheel expansion brake. It's got the super-safe Full Protection Chain Guard, the convenient Columbia Built-In Kick Stand, and other proud features aplenty. And of course, the Theft-Proof Protecto-Lock to safeguard such a wonderful bike!

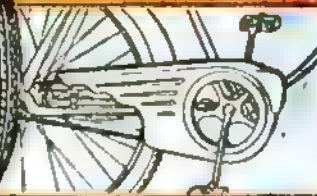
LET US HELP YOU GET IT! If you want this grand bicycle for Christmas we'd like to help you get it. Write name of your Father, Mother or Guardian on the coupon, and we'll send a catalog and letter saying that you want it, and telling all the reasons why it is the best bike for you!



FLOATING-ACTION SPRING FORK brings you the smoothest ride of any bike on the road.



THEFT-PROOF PROTECTO-LOCK locks front fork and handle bars, safeguards your bicycle.



FULL-PROTECTION CHAIN GUARD gives top and bottom protection, streamlines appearance.



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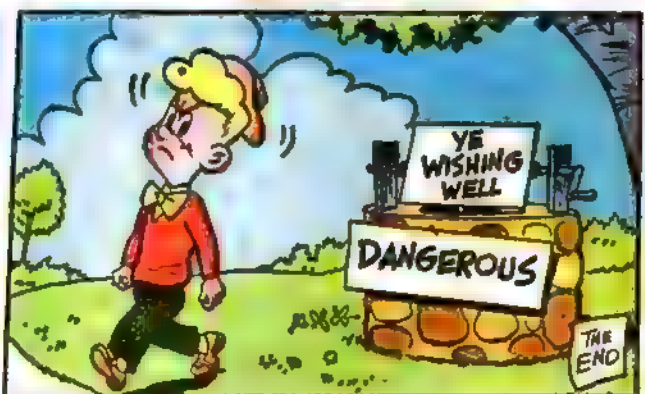
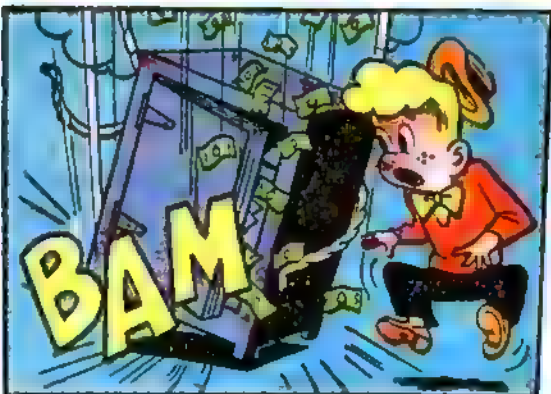
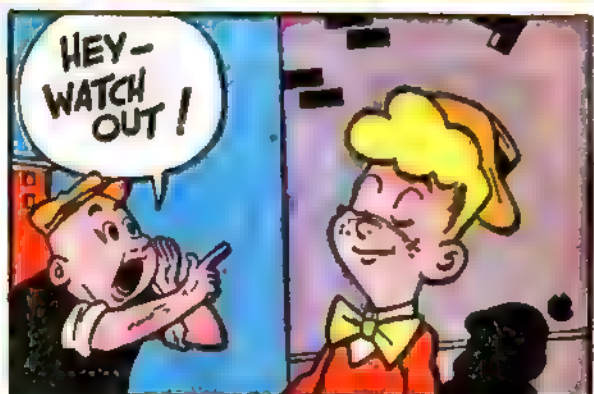
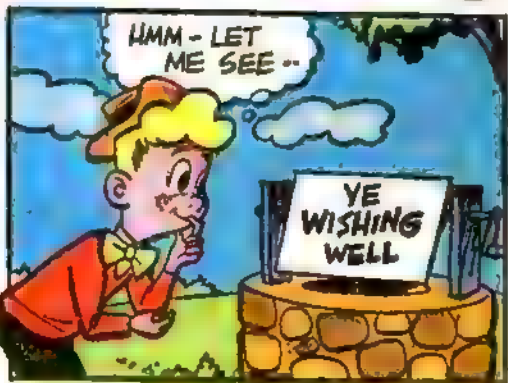
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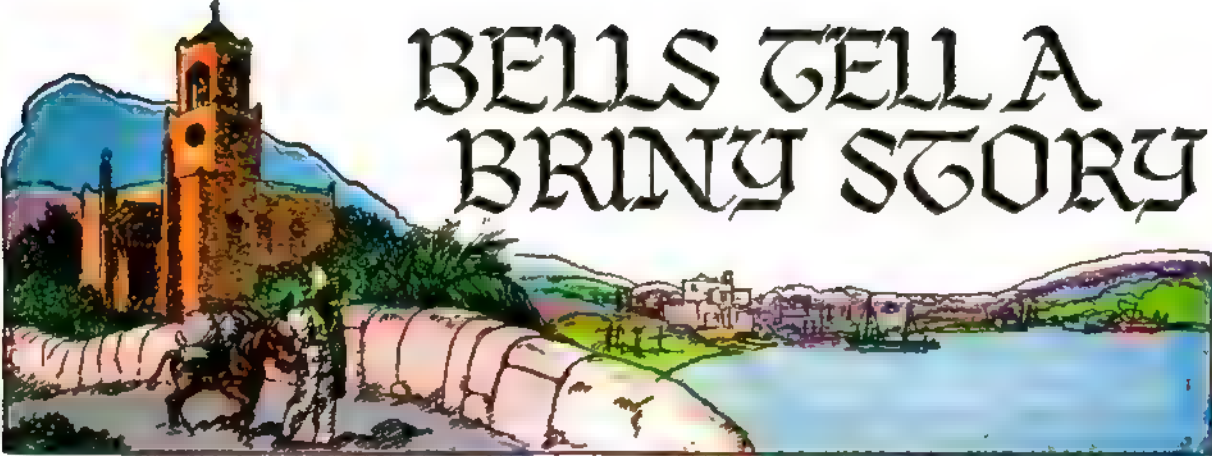
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BELLS TELL A BRINY STORY



IF you're ever in Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, and hear a bell summoning the faithful to the Church of Las Mercedes, take note and render a mental salute for you're hearing a bell that once marked the hours and half-hours on the U. S. cruiser, *Memphis*, vintage of 1906.

Here's how it happened:

On Aug. 29, 1916, the armored cruiser USS *Memphis* was anchored in the harbor of Santo Domingo, the former name of Ciudad Trujillo. Without warning, a tidal wave roared into the anchorage and deposited the warship high on a reef. There she lay for 22 years, while being sold and re-sold. At last she fell into the hands of a Cuban manufacturer who had her cut up and removed as scrap iron.

No such ignominious end was in store for the bell, however. The bell was sold to the Church of Las Mercedes where it marked the hours of matins and vespers. A crack developed, and the bell was sent to Spain to be melted down and recast. It was then sent back to Santo Domingo and reinstalled in the church. Today, one can imagine that when the bell peals the old *Memphis* returns to haunt the reef where she died.

In Arlington National Cemetery, just across the Potomac River from Washington, D. C., you can see (but not hear) half a ship's bell—half the bell from the battleship USS *Maine*, blown up in Havana harbor in 1898. The other half is preserved at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

Other ships' bells are mounted and used or exhibited at a great many other loca-

tions. They are in demand by veterans' organizations, Boy Scout troops, fraternal orders and a multitude of similar groups.

Why, one might wonder, do ships' bells take on value far greater than their actual material worth? Why are they seldom or never sold as scrap to be made into, say, door knobs or automobile radiators?

The most important reasons may be hidden in the recesses of human psychology, but there are certain apparent attractions. The bell usually has the ship's name engraved upon it, along with the date when the ship was built. It is a unit in itself, and not too large to be transported. It has considerable ornamental value.

But probably the primary charm of the bell is that it's the voice of the ship. The whistle may blow when the ship is casting off lines or is in danger of collision; the siren may shriek when an accident occurs. But it's still the bell that reveals the ship's presence when at anchor in a fog, sounds the alarm if a fire breaks out, and marks the passage of time day and night—fair weather or foul. And only the bell can make its voice heard with so little human or mechanical help.

Like so many of our nautical items, the ship's bell originated in England. During the reign of Henry VII, a ship by the name of *Grace Dieu* was equipped with one and was the first so equipped as far as records show.

The system of striking the hours and half hours developed in a logical manner. Most watches then, as now, were stood on a four-hour basis. Someone on watch would

be equipped with a sandglass good for a half hour at each inversion. Half an hour after the watch went on, the sands of time would have dribbled to the lower half of the glass. The time-keeper would turn the glass over and strike the bell once. Half an hour later, he would again invert the glass, and strike the bell twice, and so on. Later, bell strokes began to be rung in pairs for easier counting, with the single stroke in odd-number ringings struck last. Thus, the striking for five bells became, and still is, something like this: ding-ding; ding-ding; ding.

In the British Navy, a number of interesting customs arose around the ship's bell, some of which still live and some of which do not.

Then, too, there is the custom of striking 16 bells at midnight on New Year's Eve. No one seems to know much about its origin, except that it, too, originated in England. No doubt some messenger of the watch of long ago impulsively felt that something new should be added on this climax-hour of the year.

So, we can imagine, he hammered away through 16 clanging strokes—and probably felt the wrath of the deck officer immediately thereafter. It became customary, and the striking was usually done by the youngest person aboard the ship.

When a British sailor glowers at a messmate and says, "I'll knock eight bells out of you!" a person can assume he means business.

Why *EIGHT* bells? Well, while now it is customary to have the watch relieved by the time eight bells is struck, it wasn't always so. It used to be that striking eight bells was the last official act of the watch going off-duty. The bell-ringer, feeling exultant that the weary watch was over, would put more energy into ringing eight bells than he had put into ringing any of the previous seven. Therefore, to "knock eight bells out of . . ." naturally means "to strike rapidly and forcefully."

Some of these customs do not exist in the U. S. Navy, but our ships' bells lack nothing in practical or sentimental importance. They strike the hours in the

traditional manner. Their rapid clanging, followed by a certain number of distinct separate strokes, gives the alarm and the location of the "fire" at fire drill. Combining the practical with the sentimental—which sailor can deny a lift of the heart when, riding a fog-smothered liberty boat, he comes within earshot of his ship's bell ringing out the familiar call-letter?

Despite all the great changes in nautical equipment that have come about in recent years, ships' bells are much the same as they were 100 years ago. In fact, the bronze alloy made up of copper and tin which is used in making bells hasn't changed materially in 400 years. During World War II, when copper and tin were both on the critical list, cast steel was used for some ships' bells.

These bells were inclined to crack, however, and were capable of putting out only a sullen "clank" instead of the musical "clang" expected of a bell. So, we are now supplied again with bells of the time-proven bronze.

Many ships' bells in the past were given to the Navy by various cities, and means of procurement have long been unguided by directives. Not until 1948 did ships' bells become standard stock items, and the Rules of the Road still do not specify any certain size bell for a certain size ship.

Most Navy ships are now made in the Norfolk and Puget Sound naval shipyards. When a ship is scrapped it is seldom (if ever) that a good bronze ship's bell is scrapped along with it. They are sent, instead, to the Navy Department Curator who has them stored in a warehouse near Washington, D. C., to await reassignment to practical or sentimental service.

So, speculate as we might about atom-powered warships of the future slicing through the waves at fantastic speeds, it's hard to imagine a surface-craft of any age not having a cast bronze bell somewhere about the weather deck.

—H. O. Austin, MEC, USN.

(Reprinted from *ALL HANDS*, The Bureau of Naval Personnel Information Bulletin).

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VIGILANTE

WITHIN THE ACRES OF BARBED WIRE, CONCRETE-REINFORCED FENCING OF THE CROSSED K RANCH, IT IS STILL THE YEAR 1885. FOR ALTHOUGH "THE GOOD OLD DAYS" ARE JUST AN EXPRESSION TO US, JOSH BENTLEY MAKES THEM A WAY OF LIFE! HE SCORNS THE NEW, AND LOVES THE OLD. TO HIM, THE OLD WAYS ARE STILL THE BEST. IS HE RIGHT OR WRONG? SEE HOW THE VIGILANTE GOES INTO ACTION TO ANSWER THIS QUESTION, AS LIFE AND DEATH BECOME THE ISSUE, BECAUSE JOSH BENTLEY STUBBORNLY REFUSES TO....

**"RING OUT THE OLD!
RING IN THE NEW!"**

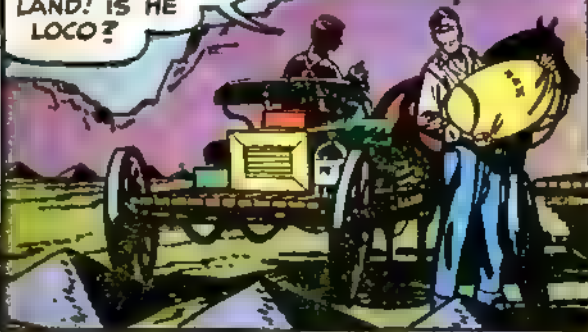


DAN
BARRY
and
SEYMOUR

ALL AROUND THE CROSSED K RANCH, CEMENT CAR-TRAPS PREVENT AUTOMOBILES FROM ENTERING...

CRAZY OL' IDIOT! CEMENT TRAPS SO NOBODY CAN DRIVE A CAR ONTO HIS LAND! IS HE LOCO?

HE MAKES THIS RANCH PAY OFF! THAT'S WHAT COUNTS, SON!



OLD JOSH IS AS OLD FASHIONED AS HIS HOME AND HIS TOOLS. HE HATES INNOVATION AND RESENTS NEWNESS...

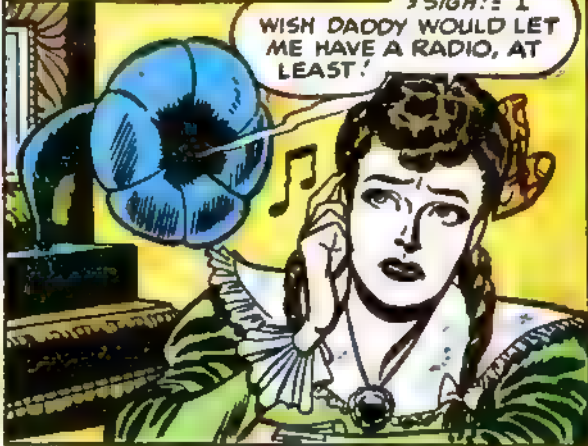
BUILD A DRINKIN' POOL FER MY STEERS, AN' LET THIS WATER GO TO WASTE?

YOU COULD IRRIGATE FIELDS WITH IT, SIR!



IN THE RANCHHOUSE ITSELF, PRETTY PEGGY BENTLEY LISTENS TO THE WHEEZING TONES OF AN OLD GRAMOPHONE...

I SIGH! I WISH DADDY WOULD LET ME HAVE A RADIO, AT LEAST!



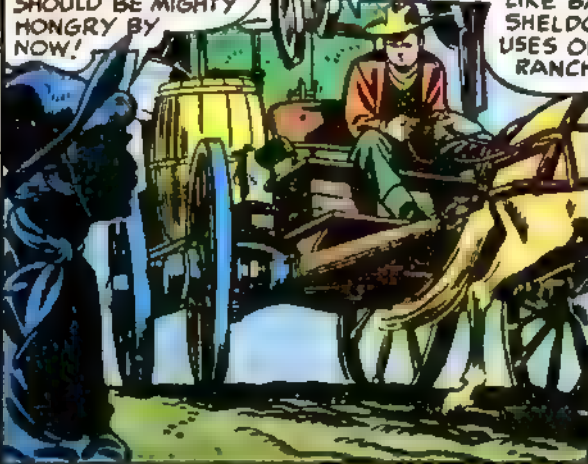
IRRIGATION? BAH! MORE NEWFANGLED NONSENSE! THIS METHOD WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR MY PAPPY AN IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

GIT ALONG THERE!



BETTER GET A MOVE ON, COOKIE. THE BOYS AT THE BRANDIN' FIRES SHOULD BE MIGHTY HONGRY BY NOW!

I'D GIT THERE FASTER IF N I HAD ONE OF THEM AUTYMOBILE CHUCK WAGONS LIKE BART SHELTON USES ON HIS RANCH!



AN AUTYMOBILE! NEXT THING YUH KNOW, THEY'LL BE WANTIN' WATER TAPS INSIDE THE HOUSE, HUH!



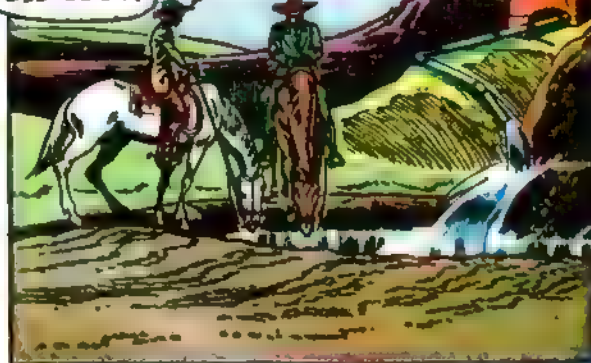
NOT FAR FROM THE CROSSED K RANCH IS BART SHELTON'S TRIPLE-S SPREAD. THERE EVERYTHING IS MODERN, NEW!

WE'LL GET MORE ALFALFA FOR THE STEERS WITH THIS EQUIPMENT, JIM. I INTEND - SAY! YOU'RE NOT PAYING ME A BIT OF ATTENTION!

I - ER - SORRY, DAD!

KIND OF SWEET ON PEGGY BENTLEY, HUH? TOO BAD HER DAD IS SUCH A STICK IN THE MUD! ORNERY OLD COOT!

HE'D PROBABLY HATE ANYTHING AS NEW AS - A SON-IN-LAW!



I'M GOIN' INTO TOWN, ED. BETTER SPRAY THE CROPS AGAIN, ED. THEN SWING NORTH INTO THE CANYONS AN' SCOUT FOR STRAYS.

RIGHTO!



JOSH BENTLEY ALSO GOES TO TOWN, AND THE TWO DIFFERENT TYPES OF RANCHERS MEET...

HOWDY, JOSH! COMIN' TO THE TOWN'S BOTH BIRTHDAY PARTY? WE'RE CELEBRATIN' EIGHTY YEARS OF PROGRESS. THAT IS, IF YOU AREN'T TOO OLD-FASHIONED TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!

PROGRESS? BAH! WHAT YUH MEAN BY PROGRESS?



HI, PEGGY!

HELLO, JIM!

I TELL YUH, THE OLD WAYS ARE BETTER'N THE NEW!



I MAKE MORE MONEY THAN ANY ONE OF YUH BECAUSE I USE TRIED AND TRUE METHODS. NO ARYPLANE FOR THE CROSSED K!

WHY, YOU OLD FUDDY-DUDDY! ONLY REASON YUH MAKE MORE MONEY IS THAT YUH INHERITED THE BEST GRAZIN' LAND IN THE WHOLE SOUTH-WEST!



IS THAT SO? WHY, I'LL BET THAT GRAZIN' LAND AS 'IN ALL YOURS THAT MY STAGECOACH KIN BEAT A YORE NEWFANGLED AUTMOBILE IN MOUNTAIN SHEEP, BUT YUH GOT YORE-SELF A BET!



YUH HEARD HIM, FOLKS. THE LOSER FORFEITS HIS WHOLE RANCH!

JIM-STOP THEM! THEY CAN'T CARRY OUT THAT BET! IT WOULD KILL DADDY IF HE LOST HIS RANCH!

IT'S TOO LATE, PEGGY. THEY'VE SHAKEN HANDS ON THE BET!



YOU SAY YOU LOVE ME-BUT YOU WON'T DO THE THING I ASK! YOU'RE HATEFUL. HATEFUL!

PEGGY, LISTEN! WHEN PAW MAKES UP HIS MIND—



TWO STRANGERS IN TOWN TO PARTICIPATE IN THE CELEBRATION OBSERVE THE GIRL'S DISTRESS...

LOOK, GREG-- THAT OLD-FASHIONED GIRL IN THE BUGGYWAGON! SHE'S CRYING!

MAYBE SHE NEEDS HELP. STUFF!



AND THAT'S HOW PEGGY COMES TO POUR HER HEART OUT TO GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...

DADDY AND BART SHELTON HAVE ALWAYS QUARRELED BUT NOW THEY'VE MADE A CRAZY BET... THAT A STAGECOACH CAN BEAT AN AUTO IN A RACE... AND WHEN DADDY LOSES... HIS HEART WILL BREAK... HE'LL DIE! I KNOW IT!



BUT GREG DOESN'T SEE THAT THERE'S ANYTHING HE CAN DO...

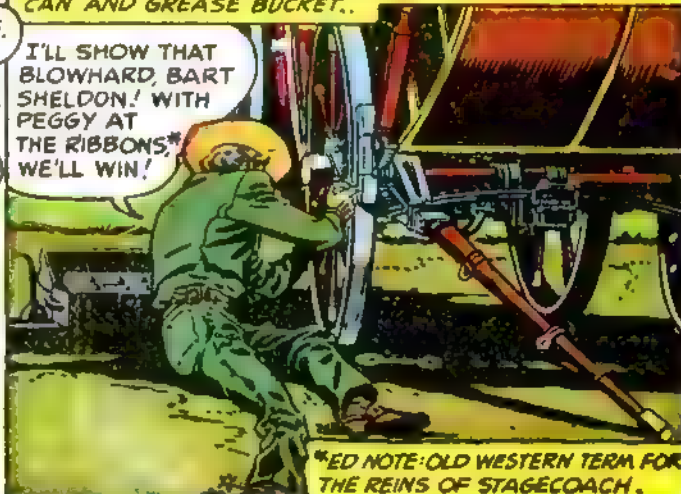
DO YOU THINK IT'S AS SERIOUS AS SHE SAYS, GREG?

I'M AFRAID SO, STUFF. I'M WONDERIN' IF I COULD DO ANYTHING AS THE VIGILANTE, BUT SO FAR I CAN'T THINK OF A THING...



DAY AFTER DAY, OLD JOSH BUSIES HIMSELF WITH OIL CAN AND GREASE BUCKET...

I'LL SHOW THAT BLOWHARD, BART SHELTON, WITH PEGGY AT THE REBONS,* WE'LL WIN!

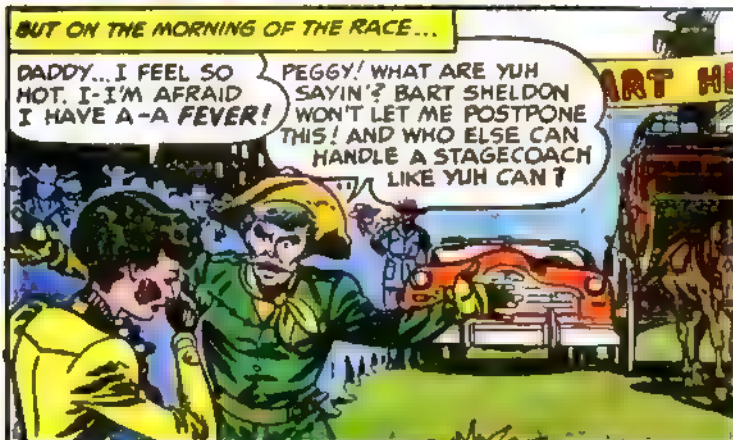


*ED NOTE: OLD WESTERN TERM FOR THE REINS OF STAGECOACH.

BUT ON THE MORNING OF THE RACE...

DADDY... I FEEL SO HOT. I-I'M AFRAID I HAVE A-A FEVER!

PEGGY! WHAT ARE YUH SAYIN'? BART SHELTON WON'T LET ME POSTPONE THIS! AND WHO ELSE CAN HANDLE A STAGECOACH LIKE YUH CAN?



I CAN, IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE!

THE VIGILANTE!



I'LL BE GLAD TO DRIVE YOUR STAGE, SIR. I CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY I THINK WE'LL WIN, BUT--

CORRAL THAT TALK, VIGILANTE. 'OURSE WE'LL WIN!

AND THE RACE BEGINS!

BLAMM!

GO, DOGGONE YUH! GO!

SO LONG, OLD-TIMER! HA! HA!



CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING

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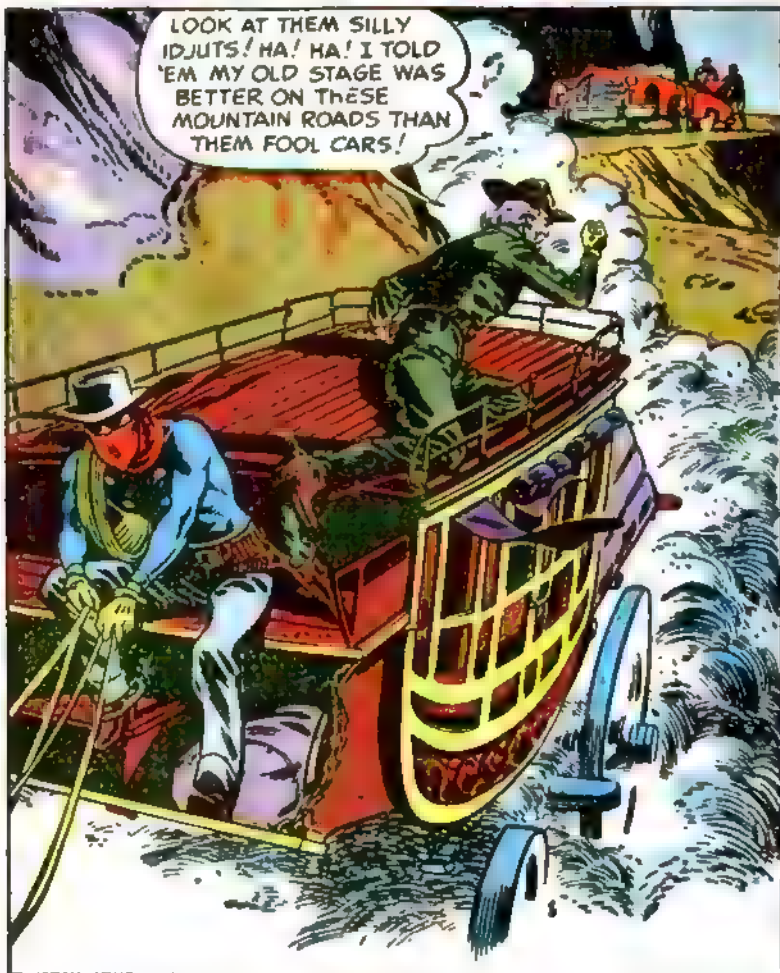
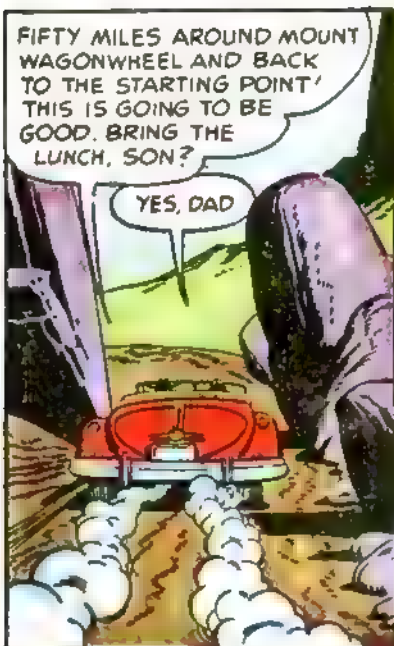
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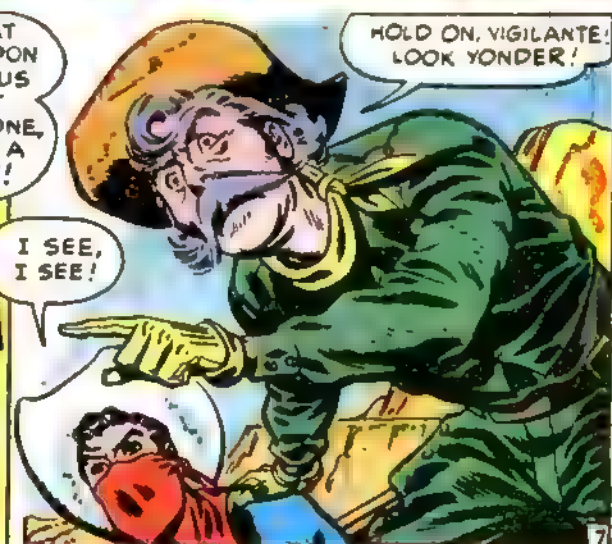
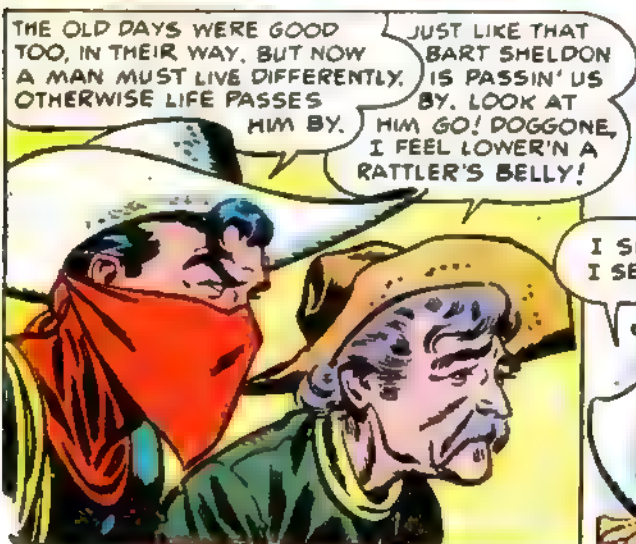
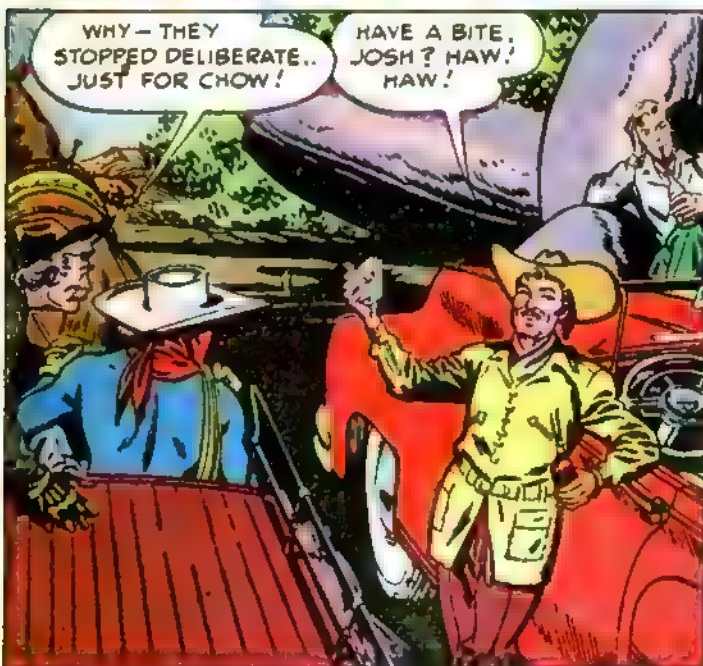
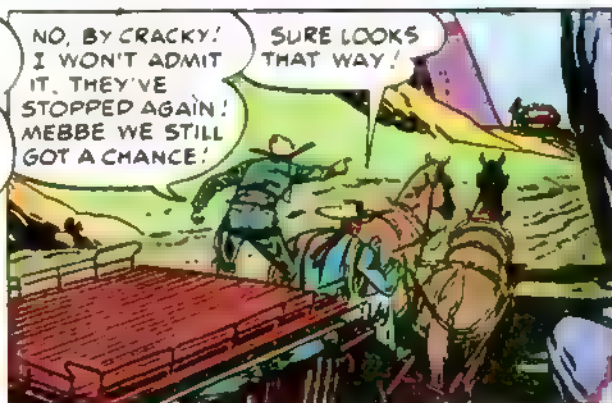
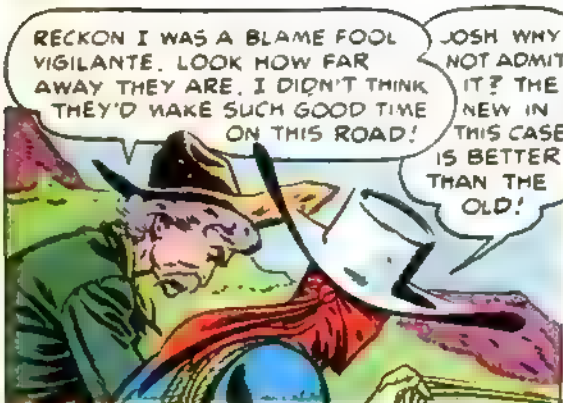
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WITH A ROAR AND RUMBLE, A SECTION OF HILLSIDE CRASHES DOWN ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN ROAD!

THUNDERATION! IT'LL TAKE US HOURS TO GO THROUGH THAT!

CHEER UP, DAD. IF WE'RE STUCK, SO IS JOSH BENTLEY!

COME ON, OLD-TIMER. THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D GET! IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS, THE OLD-TIME STAGECOACH HAS IT ALL OVER THE MODERN CAR.

WHUT YUH MEAN, VIGILANTE?

WITHOUT WHEELS, THE STAGECOACH IS LASHED TO THE HORSES, AND THEN...

YUH CAN'T DO THIS BENTLEY! IT AIN'T FAIR!

WHY NOT? AIN'T NOTHIN IN OUR BET THAT SAYS WE CAN'T TRAVEL WITHOUT WHEELS!

THE HORSES CAN DRAG THE COACH OVER THE DIRT AFTER WE REMOVE THE WHEELS, SO IT WON'T TURN OVER! THE WEIGHT OF THE COACH WILL BE ON A WIDE SURFACE INSTEAD OF FOUR THIN WHEELS.

DADGUM! YUH GOT A HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS, SON!

IF WE HADN'T STOPPED FOR LUNCH, JUST TO HAVE THE LAUGH ON OLD JOSH, WE'D HAVE BEEN BACK IN TEXAS GAP BY THIS TIME!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW, SON. DIE!

BUT WHILE BART AND HIS SON SWEAT AND STRAIN FAR BEHIND ON MOUNT WAGONWHEEL, THE STAGECOACH CROSSES THE FINISH LINE--A WINNER!

HE DONE IT! HE BEAT THE CAR!

AND WON HISSELF BART SHELTON'S RANCH!

HOW'D YA DO IT, JOSH?

WE WON FAIR AN' SQUARE, THANKS TO VIGILANTE! AN' TO CELEBRATE, I'M INVITIN' ALL HANDS TO MY RANCH FOR A REAL OLD-FASHIONED BARBECUE DINNER!

WHERE'S BART?

LATER, WHEN BART SHELTON FINALLY ARRIVES AT THE FINISH LINE...

AN' I WANT YUH AT MY BARBECUE MOST OF ALL, BART!

I'LL BE THERE JOSH... WITH THE DEED TO MY RANCH!

YOU MUST COME TOO, VIGILANTE! IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT YOU!

I'LL BE THERE, MISS PEGGY. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT GIRL. HER EYES ARE TOO BRIGHT. HER CHEEKS ARE TOO RED!

BY FOOT, BY HORSES, AND BY WAGON, FOLKS FROM THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE CONVERGE ON THE CROSSED K RANCH. THERE ARE NO CARS, FOR THEY CANNOT CROSS THE CEMENT CAR TRAPS!

AND ON THE PORCH OF THE RANCH HOUSE, BART SHELTON HANDS OVER THE DEED TO HIS TRIPLE S RANCH WITH A GRIM SMILE...

HERE YUH ARE, JOSH. I NEVER THOUGHT YUH'D WIN, BUT YUH DID, AN' I'M PAYIN' WHAT I OWE!

THANKS, BART. YUH PAY YORE DEBTS LIKE A MAN!

DHHH!

PEGGY'S FAINTED! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER, DOC?

IT'S MORE THAN A FAINTING SPELL, BENTLEY! I SHOULD HAVE BEEN CALLED BEFORE THIS! HER APPENDIX HAS BURST! WE MUST GET HER TO A HOSPITAL IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!

HOW CAN WE GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL IN THAT TIME?

ALL WE HAVE IS HORSES AND WAGONS! THEY'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

ISN'T THERE A CAR? A PHONE?

NO...NOT A CAR OR PHONE...OR EVEN A MOTOR...ON THE ENTIRE RANCH!

YOU DID THIS! YOU AND THOSE BLAMED FOOL NOTIONS ABOUT OLD-FASHIONED THINGS! IF SHE DIES, YOU KILLED HER!!

JIM, BOY! EASY! WE KNOW YOU LOVE PEGGY, BUT SO DOES HER OWN FATHER!

JOSH FEELS WORSE THAN YOU, JIM — BECAUSE HE KNOWS WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE!

I'LL GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL IN LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES! STAND ASIDE!

BUT - BUT HOW?

ON THE ONE MODERN MOTOR VEHICLE THAT CAN COME AND GO THROUGH THE NARROW CHANNELS IN THE CEMENT CAR TRAPS — MY **MOTORCYCLE!**

THAT NIGHT, IN THE HOSPITAL, AFTER PEGGY HAS BEEN OPERATED ON, AND IS SAFELY PAST THE CRISIS...

BART, HERE'S YORE DEED BACK! WHY, MAN, I WOULDN'T TAKE YORE RANCH FROM YUH! I DON'T WANT IT!

NEITHER DO I. GIVE IT TO JIM, HERE — AS A WEDDING PRESENT!

I DON'T WANT IT, DAD. NOW IT BELONGS TO — PEGGY!

WELL, IT'S SAFE IN THE FAMILY, ANYHOW!

I STOPPED BY TO SAY HOWDY TO PEGGY AND JIM, THE NEWLYWEDS!

WELL, THERE THEY ARE! JIM'S TEACHING PEGGY TO DRIVE AN AIRYPLANE I GAVE 'EM AS A WEDDING PRESENT... NOW THAT HE'S TAUGHT ME TO DRIVE A CAR, OPERATE A HELICOPTER, TURN ON A RADIO AND USE A DIAL TELEPHONE! I'VE NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN ALL MY LIFE!

THE END



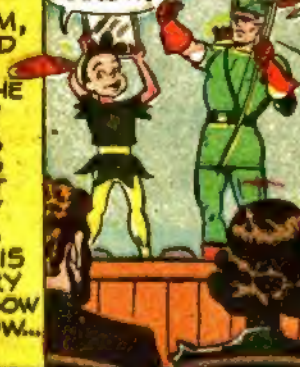
THE GREEN ARROW

and the Red Feather Kid



IN A PACKED AUDITORIUM, A THRILLED CROWD WATCHES THE GREEN ARROW, WORLD'S FOREMOST ARCHERY EXPERT, DISPLAY HIS WIZARDRY WITH THE BOW AND ARROW...

ANOTHER BULL'S-EYE FOR THE GREEN ARROW!



YOU MEAN ANOTHER BULL'S-EYE FOR THE RED FEATHER SERVICES!

I'VE DISCARDED MY USUAL GREEN-FEATHERED ARROWS AND USED THESE RED-FEATHERED ONES FOR A SPECIAL REASON -- TO EMPHASIZE THE **RED FEATHER**, A SYMBOL OF SERVICE THROUGHOUT THE AGES... LIKE THIS ONE THE RED FEATHER KID WEARS IN HIS CAP...



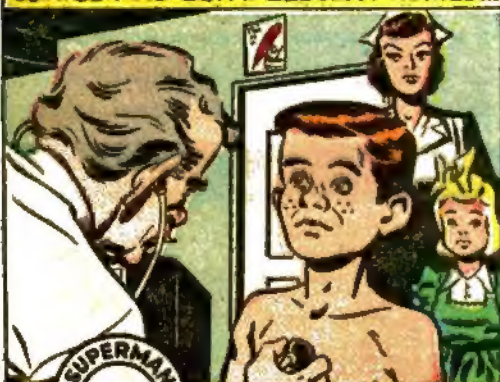
"HIS RED FEATHER IDENTIFIES THE VARIOUS SERVICES WHICH RECEIVE SUPPORT THROUGH COMMUNITY CHEST CAMPAIGNS -- SERVICES FOR SCOUTS, GIRLS AND BOYS CLUBS, THE Y'S..."



"... SERVICES FOR YOUNGSTERS IN DAY NURSERIES, SETTLEMENT HOUSES AND FOSTER HOMES..."



"... HEALTH SERVICES IN HOSPITALS, CLINICS AND CONVALESCENT HOMES..."



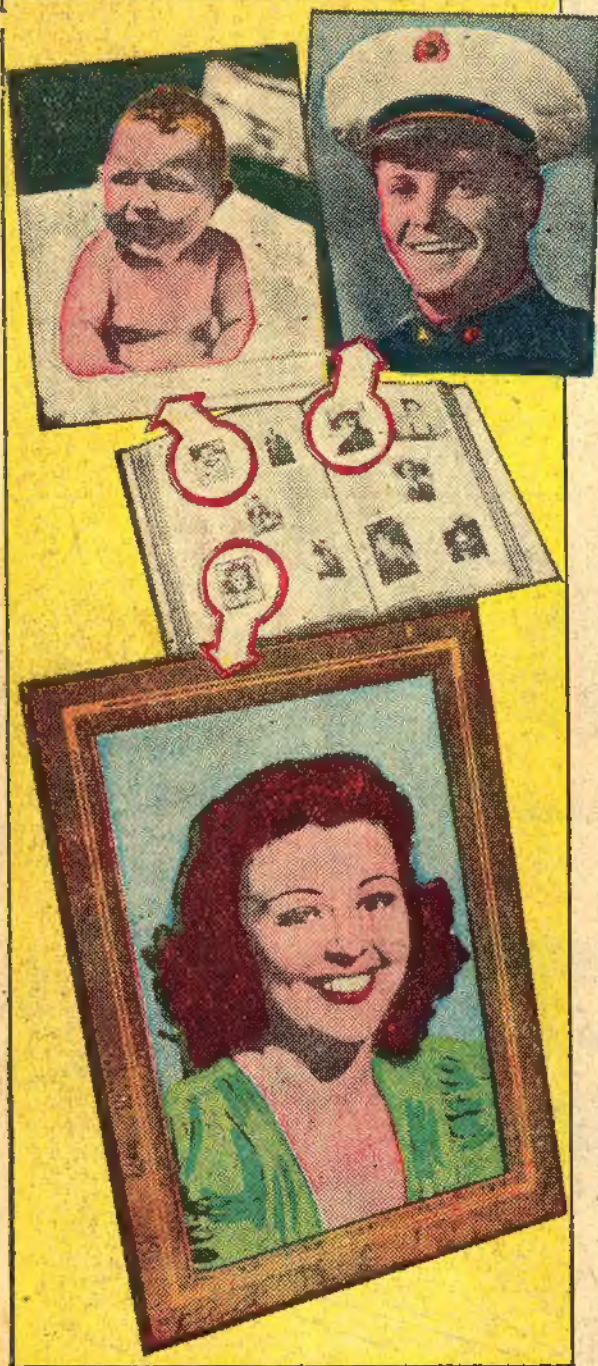
THESE ARE ONLY SOME OF THE SERVICES YOU CONTRIBUTE TO WHEN YOU GIVE TO COMMUNITY CHEST CAMPAIGNS. SO GIVE GENEROUSLY!

YES, SCORE A BULL'S-EYE YOURSELF BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE **RED FEATHER SERVICES**. REMEMBER, IT'S "A FEATHER IN YOUR CAP" TO WEAR A RED FEATHER!



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New silk-finish enlargement, ivory gold-tooled frame



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Have you ever wished you could have your own favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the pictures of Movie Stars? If you act now, you can make your wish come true. Just to get acquainted, we will make you a handsome, silk finish enlargement, mounted in a rich, gold-tooled frame with glassine front and standing easel back for only 19c each for the Picture and Frame, plus cost of mailing. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more like yourself with the famous studio portrait quality of our work, we now make this trial offer to you.

Think of it, only 19c each for a beautiful enlargement and frame you will cherish for years to come. Because of the sensational low price of this get-acquainted offer we must set a limit of 2 to a customer. So hurry—send one or two of your best photographs (either picture or negative) with the coupon below today. *Be sure to include the color of hair, eyes and clothing for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully colored in life-like oils.* SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon to us today. Include all information. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned.

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Here's What to Do—SEND NO MONEY! Just send us a snapshot, photograph or negative of your favorite picture. Mail with the coupon. Accept your beautifully framed enlargement when it arrives and pay postman only 19c each plus small mailing cost for picture and frame. If not completely satisfied, return the enlargement within 10 days and your money will be refunded. But you may keep the frame as a gift for promptness. Limit 2 to a customer. Original snapshot or negative will be returned. *NOTE: Be sure to enclose color of hair, eyes and clothing for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oils.* Rush coupon with photo or negative today before offer is withdrawn.

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Enclosed find _____ snapshot or negative
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(Specify number, limit 2)

I will pay postman only 19c each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

Fill out description of
job. Mark back of picture
1 and 2

COLOR—Picture No. 1

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

COLOR—Picture No. 2

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

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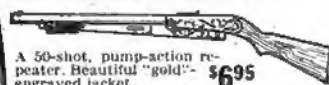
No. 311—DAISY 8-B GUN 'n SCOPE TARGET OUTFIT



Complete only \$7.50

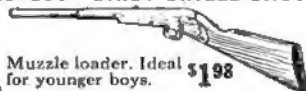
Contains RED RYDER CARBINE, Telescope Sight, Bell Ringing Metal Target, Target Cards, 10 B-B Paks® of Bulls Eye Shot, Shooting Manual.

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I enclose unused 3c stamp to help cover Kit mailing cost. Please send Daisy's big, copyrighted CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT postpaid, to reach me about Dec. 1.

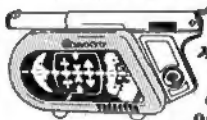
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